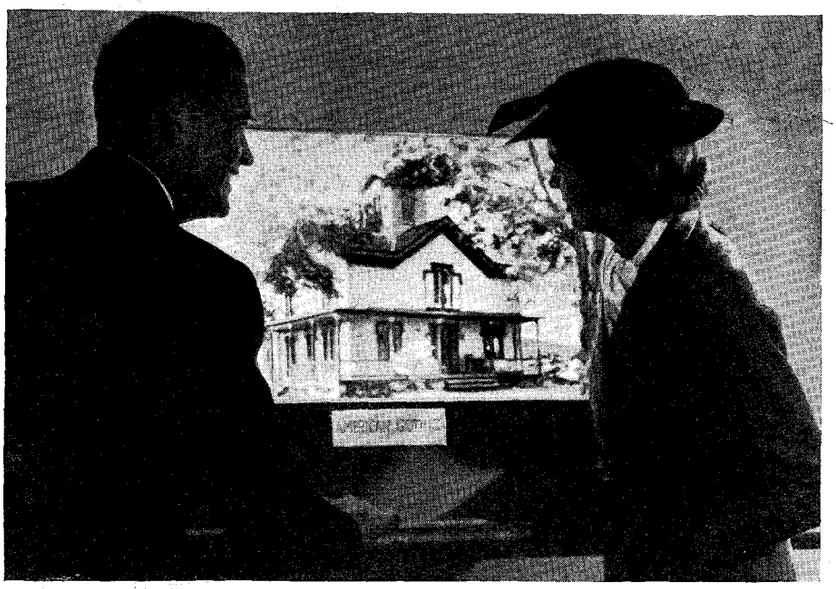

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NOT from the outside, perhaps — but what of the inside? You would not drive a 1920 automobile; it would be obsolete, and inadequate for modern service. Houses become obsolete, too. Your house, if it is more than 15 years old, is probably almost as inconvenient inside, compared with "New American" standards, as this outmoded museum specimen.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

October 10, 1936

The Literary Digest

FOR OCTOBER 10, 1936

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Mail

Webster at Harvard

Sir:—Shades of the immortal Daniel! With such a list of Harvard graduates as appeared in the article "Brain Trust" in your September 19 issue, must you snatch another from Dartmouth?

Best ease out of this one quickly ere retribution descends upon your editorial head.

Randolph, Massachusetts. F. A. LEAHY.

[Samuel Elliot Morison, official historian of Harvard University, states in "Three Centuries of Harvard" that Daniel Webster received an M. A. at Dartmouth and *ad eundem gratum* (to the same degree) at Harvard in 1804.—*Editor.*]

Harvard College

Sir:—In THE LITERARY DIGEST for September 19, I noticed in the article "Brain Trust" ". . . adding another first to the long list of America's oldest University. Harvard was the first university in the United States. . . ."

Harvard was the first college. But I believe the first university in the United States was the University of Pennsylvania, which became a university when its medical school was formed. It was the first medical school in the United States.

DR. HAROLD F. LEWIS.

Southampton, New York.

The Magazine

Sir:—Permit me to congratulate you on your most discerning (and obviously well documented) articles on foreign affairs generally, and the Orient in particular.

In the issue of September 19 the articles on the Suzu Mushi in Japan and new styles

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in China were gems of the sort one seldom encounters in the daily press—never in the other so-called "news" magazines. But I have enjoyed, too, the unbiased reports of happenings in Spain, Germany, France and the rest of Europe—infinitely fairer than those in the newspapers, more mature than most in the magazines. And the odd little bits from such little-publicized spots as Lichtenstein and Guatemala. Perhaps I should not have said "and the Orient in particular"; you cover the world so thoroughly.

For one who lived abroad for more than twenty-five years, it is indeed gratifying to know that there are some Americans who do not have to distort facts to make news.
Oak Park, Illinois. A. C. DUHAMEL.

Sir:—Our office staff wishes to express an enormous appetite for THE LITERARY DIGEST. We devour it like hungry wolves, consuming it with true relish. It is tasty, agreeable and wholesome. We recommend it to all who like a well-balanced diet.

IRVING, BILL and JERRY,
Newberger Audit Com-
New York City. pany.

Sir: — THE LITERARY DIGEST seems to be improving right along. Little wonder that we look forward to getting it each week . . . a welcome change from daily newspaper reading. MISS B. CANN.

Sir:—I like your new make-up; it enhances the value of your valued magazine.
Ruleville, Mississippi. T. L. TURNER.

Sir:—In renewing my subscription, I take this opportunity to comment on the improved appearance of THE LITERARY DIGEST. You are now making the magazine more nearly what the more intelligent public likes. . . . As I relish favorable word from our customers, I'm giving you this friendly word of approval. W. L. BATT,
Philadelphia.

Sir:—I'm one of your old subscribers. I've always liked the magazine . . . but lately I am enjoying the new flavor.
MARY I. BERGEN.
Green Cover Springs, Florida.

Sir:—I believe THE LITERARY DIGEST is the best weekly for a thinking man. There is nothing crude or vulgar in it; one is never worried about leaving it where the children can read it. . . . Yet it enables a man to discuss world affairs intelligently.
Calgary, Alberta. JOSEPH SUTCLIFFE.

Sir:—Several weeks ago, I received a card concerning a trial subscription to THE LITERARY DIGEST. I tossed it in the wastebasket, thinking the magazine was the same as of old. But I happened to get a copy of this week's LITERARY DIGEST from a friend and . . . please put me on your subscription list.
Duluth, Minnesota M. E. BLUSTIN.

Sir:—While waiting for the subway train the other day, I bought a copy of THE LITERARY DIGEST, which I once read religiously but have neglected recently. I certainly was surprized when I dug into it, finding it vastly improved, with refreshing zip and sparkle to its contents. J. SHIELDS.
Philadelphia.

Peace and the Plain Man

Sir:—Miss Richmond's letter, saying that she had followed her missionary impulse by distributing copies of Sir Norman Angell's "Peace and the Plain Man" interests me. I, also, have invested in Sir Norman's excellent book in quite the same way and for the same purpose. It is one of the great works of our time.

It should stand upon the same shelf with Prof. Denna Fleming's "The United States and the League of Nations, 1918-1920," Salvador de Madariaga's Richard Cobden lecture, "The Price of Peace," the Covenant of the League of Nations, and President Wilson's League addresses. R. WEBB NOYES.
Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Puzzle Solution

Sir:—Many of your readers who underwent a mental strain tussling with the "Puzzle King's" master-problem found in your September 12 issue, under the caption "'Puzzle Party" will surely be interested in the simplicity of the following solution:

PROBLEM: The combined age of Mary and Ann is forty-four. Mary is twice as old as Ann was when Mary was half as old as Ann will be, when Ann is three times as old as Mary was when Mary was three times as old as Ann. How old is Ann?

SOLUTION: M and A represent present ages of Mary and Ann while prime letters indicate respective ages at various periods mentioned. Then from conditions of problem we have:

$$M + A = 44 \text{ and } M = 2A'$$

$$A' = \frac{A''}{2} \text{ also } A'' = 3M''$$

$$M'' = 3A'' \text{ thus } A'' = 9A''$$

(Continued on page 47)

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Preface by Lewis J. Valentine, Police Commissioner, City of New York

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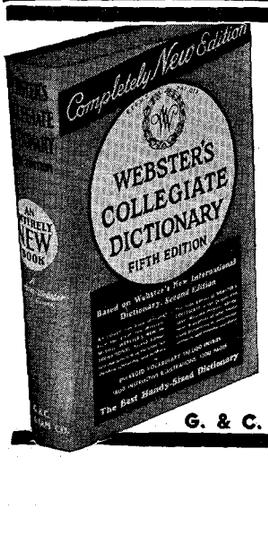

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK OCTOBER 10, 1936

Topics of the day

POISON GAS IN AMERICA'S SALAD BOWL

Vigilantes Hunt Reds in the Lettuce Fields of California

The town's first warning came in September, 1934, when a band of vigilantes, on a professed red-hunt, burned a workers' settlement to the ground and drove 800 laborers from the valley. Two years later to the month, the dictatorship moved in, ruling the countryside with an iron hand from a barricaded hotel floor. To maintain "discipline," the streets were sprayed at intervals with poison gas. Boys under twenty-one were deputized and armed. Schoolchildren were put to work fashioning clubs, altho the dictatorship had not been challenged or attacked.

The story is not laid in war-torn Spain, nor in Nazi Germany—but in the United States, in the once peaceful Salinas valley, Monterey County, California. It is the story of sporadic strikes among the lettuce pickers and packers in "the Salad Bowl of America," the aftermath of those strikes. And it is more than that; for it is the story of a type of Fascist psychology of which Sinclair Lewis opined that "It Can't Happen Here"—because it *did* happen.

Industrial Deadlock—That trouble usually pays its visits to the Salinas region in September is no coincidence. At this time of year, Salinas supplies 90 per cent. of the nation's entire lettuce needs. Last week's impasse tied up some 40,000,000 heads, stymieing a $12,000,000 industry.

Lettuce is cut in the fields by "stoop" labor—a term which painfully describes the back-breaking nature of the work. Until two years ago, the pay was 30 cents an hour; now it is 40, but hiring and firing is still on an "open-shop" basis, so that workers have no guarantee of permanence.

Because of the low pay and uncertainty, growers draw heavily on California's migratory Filipino, Mexican and Oriental populations. Before the strike and the expulsion of 800 workers in 1934, it was charged that Communist agitators had induced the pickers to demand the 10 cents an hour increase which the growers none the less granted. But it was generally agreed that, altho Communist organizers were present at the time, the voluntary wage settlement cut the ground from under their feet. In any case, they retired from the scene—even before the 800 Filipinos were burned out; and as a result of the settlement, the Fruit and Vegetable Workers' Union was formed under regular trade-union auspices and without outside interference.

No other major disturbance rocked the valley until this summer, when the State Federation of Labor undertook to organize all pickers and harvesters in the State. The Associated Farmers of California resisted, urged Salinas growers not to renew the expiring contracts with the union.

Compulsion—At least one grower ignored the hint, renewed his contract. Next day, bondsmen removed their names from the company's railroad bond. By the end of a week, the company found it impossible to obtain crates or ice, without which lettuce can not be shipped fifty miles. In the end, the grower was forced to give in.

Then, last month, when employers refused to grant the union's demand for preferential hiring, which the grower-shippers declared was the same thing as a closed shop, the 3,200 union lettuce workers in the Salinas valley struck.

A few sporadic outbursts announced the battle which was fought on September 16 in the heart of the town between pickets, police and State highway patrolmen. Two men were shot in the legs, others suffered minor injuries. Bricks, clubs and fists flew most of the day, and countless tear and emetic gas-shells exploded. Stores, banks and schools were closed that day. Gas, no respecter of persons, had officers and bystanders alike crying.

It was then that the resourceful Col. Henry Sanborn, of San Rafael, arrived to "take charge." Tho he was to frighten the citizenry often with bogy-stories about "outsiders" butting into their business, seeking to "overthrow their form of government by force," he never explained his own presence in Salinas, or why he found it necessary to install a dictatorship of nothing but force.

Who was he? A soldier of fortune, who said he served as chaplain with both the Canadian and American Expeditionary Forces in France, a reserve officer, a whilom Episcopal rector who was unfrocked by his Bishop for a juicy morals crusade in Alaska, the Editor of a weekly called *American Citizen*, published, in the language of its masthead, "in order that Fascism may not become necessary to prevent Communism becoming a reality."

Law Enforcer—Still convinced that Communists were somehow responsible for the furnace-gas fumes that overcame two of his children in their home last December, Colonel Sanborn established himself on the sixth floor of Salinas's Hotel Jeffery as "coordinator of law-enforcement agencies," filled the corridors and entrances with armed guards. There, plump, easy-going Sheriff Carl H. Abbott of Monterey County, and red-thatched Police Chief George Griffin joined him at "General Staff" headquarters.

First "General Order" declared a "state of emergency," commanded all able-bodied men between eighteen and forty-five, under provisions of the penal code, to assist in "overcoming resistance and putting down riot."

To impress both the populace and the Governor with the "gravity" of the situation, Colonel Sanborn bombarded the countryside with red alarms.

Alarm Number One—E. Raymond Cato, Chief of the State Highway Patrol, had seized hundreds of red flags along the road

Black Star Acme Wide World

Salad-strewn streets of Salinas which sent Colonel Sanborn behind barricades to restore "law and order" in the nation's strike-torn lettuce belt

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from Sacramento—ample proof to him that reds were not only on the job, but bragging about it brazenly. A few hours later, Cato's own highway workers demanded that "whoever took flags marking construction projects put them the hell back." Too late; even the Governor had swallowed the flag story.

Alarm Number Two—More than 3,000 "red" longshoremen were on their way by automobile caravan from San Francisco to "mop up the town." That was the occasion for four sharp blasts on the town's fire sirens. Hundreds of the new "Citizens' Militia" raced to the Armory, where shotguns, wagon-spokes and blue arm-bands were handed out. No longshoremen appeared, for none had left San Francisco.

Alarm Number Three—"Foreigners" were poisoning the valley, threatening its American form of government; they had been sneaking in for months, just to make trouble; they were, naturally, Communists to the man. Of these "foreign" and "subversive" elements, Paul C. Smith, Executive Editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, who went to Salinas to report the "Bolshevist uprising" as an eye-witness, wrote:

"The background of the majority of the strikers is interesting. With few exceptions, all are American citizens. Many are agricultural workers from the dust-bowls of Oklahoma and Arkansas who have settled in the Salinas valley. A majority have been resident in the valley for more than two years. . . . There were Communists in Salinas. That was established when the union leaders themselves declined their offers of "assistance" and told them to keep out of town . . . intelligence officers estimated that there were about a dozen. . . ."

Another Picture—On the other side of the "outsiders-butting-in" picture: William Ragsdale, of Tucson, Arizona, told Smith that he was "hired to go to Salinas with a force of about thirty-five men by Glenn E. Bodell, of the Bodell Industrial Detective Agency, of Los Angeles. . . . The Ragsdale guards are equipped with tear and nauseating gas, shotguns and submachine-guns. . . ." And Smith reported the interesting presence of "a Mr. Cake, who told us to call him Jimmy. Mr. Cake has no connection with the lettuce war, except as the representative of his concern" (the Federal Laboratories Company of Pittsburgh, manufacturers of gas bombs).

Colonel Sanborn's "General Order" on "foreigners" was his last. Undeceived in the matter of the red flags and the phantom longshoremen, roused by the spectacle of their children turning out strike-breaking weapons in manual training class, alarmed by the publicity in the *Chronicle* and other papers, 800 irate citizens met at a rally, served notice on the "General Staff" it must disband.

As suddenly as he had appeared, Colonel Sanborn departed on September 21 for Seattle.

But Salinas is still uneasy. Only last week, a shot just missed the driver of a lettuce truck running the gantlet of pickets just outside the city limits. No one can say for sure when there may be "another bloody Wednesday."

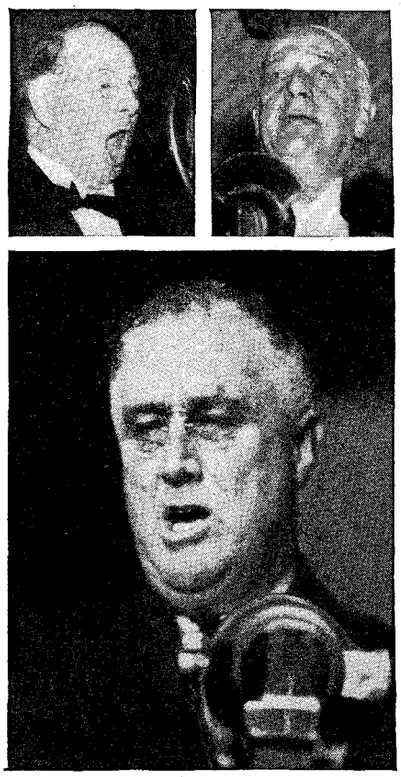
Fist fights are common; the air is filled with threats.

And the Salinas *Index-Journal* plaintively pleads that the community's "right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness . . . can not exist under conditions that have prevailed here."

BATTLE ROYAL: Smith Declares for Landon; Roosevelt Intensifies Speechmaking

Millions of radio sets clicked on at 8:30 E. S. T. one evening last week. Millions of Americans clustered in living-rooms to hear the greatest radio "feature" since the political conventions last June—a three-sided, crammed-with-action battle royal among Frank Knox, Alfred E. Smith and Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Exact figures on the number of listeners that evening are not available. But Roosevelt speaking alone usually has the largest radio audience in the world—his bank holiday speech in March, 1933, reached nearly two-thirds of the 17,000,000 radio homes in the United States. Roosevelt speaking between full-blooded attacks on his Administration by head-liners like



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They had their half-hours: . . . Knox, 8:30; Roosevelt, 9:00; Smith, 10:00

Knox and Smith must have had comparable pulling power, especially since there are now 6,000,000 more homes with radios than there were in 1933.

As poor *Throttlebottom* discovered, Vice Presidential candidates are taken lightly. So Knox's speech at Duquesne Garden, Pittsburgh, with its explosive charge, "Your life insurance and your savings account are already in danger," was a mere preliminary. The radio listeners waited for Smith to set off the big anti-Roosevelt fireworks.

He set them off in Carnegie Hall, in New York City, as he, Democratic candidate for President in 1928, friend and political stable-mate of President Roosevelt for a quarter of a century, bolted his Party and plumped for Alfred M. Landon.

Carnegie Hall, where Toscanini has so often waved his magic baton, has known countless gatherings like this one: sleek cars before the door for the carriage trade, stately dowagers, well-tailored males, ordinary citizens.

But a blaring brass band took the place of the Philharmonic Symphony and a gray-haired ruddy man in a dark business suit held the stage instead of the pale little Italian *maestro*.

Roaring Audience—Twice Smith was badgered by hecklers, but the audience as a whole was enthusiastic. It roared its delight as he denied that he had "gone high hat," denied having a grudge against Mr. Roosevelt, but declared that the New Dealers had betrayed the Democratic Party, and called their policies a failure, a "dismal, dull, dark, dreary failure."

A few minutes before, the radio audience had heard Mr. Roosevelt refer to those policies as an outstanding success. The President spoke at Forbes Field before microphones and a whistling, shouting crowd of 60,000 that filled the double-decked stands to overflowing.

From a speakers' stand pitched over second base, he tallied up a box score of Federal finances, grinningly derided Knox's insurance-policy reference and predicted that Government receipts "within a year or two will be sufficient to . . . balance the annual budget."

With this speech, the undeniably political phase of the Roosevelt campaign for reelection got fairly under way.

It had opened two days earlier in the barnlike armory at Syracuse, where the President addressed the New York State Democratic Convention. That was a typical Roosevelt campaign speech, fighting spirit, resonant voice and all.

Denies Red Issue—Shaking his head, thrusting out his jaw, gesturing with outstretched hand, he lambasted those "desperate in mood, angry at failure, cunning in purpose," who would make Communism an issue in this election.

"I have not sought, I do not seek, I repudiate the support of any advocate of Communism," he declared.

By last week, he had ceased calling his trips and speeches non-political. As a matter of fact, his critics say, he has been campaigning as lustily as Governor Landon.

Up until the first of October, Landon had made fifty-five speeches, including short talks from the rear platform of his campaign train. No precise count has been kept on the number of times President Roosevelt has appeared on the back platform of his train and said a few words to a crowd.

But a rough account of his acts and utterances since the conventions would show that he has made fully fifteen formal speeches, all broadcast; has spoken informally to various-sized groups at least forty times; has covered about 10,000 miles by train and auto; has traveled through nearly half of the forty-eight States; has appeared before audiences totaling perhaps a million, and has been heard over the radio by just about every one.

In high spirits now that his campaign is going full blast, the President last week burst publicly into song. After his speech in Syracuse, an American Legion Glee Club met and serenaded him outside that city's new railroad station.

"I'd like to join you," the President said, "and I could, too." He left his car, pulled a Legion cap over one ear, and raised the world's most famous voice.

"Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag," he sang, "and smile, smile, smile."

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"DIGEST" POLL PASSES MILLION MARK

Roosevelt Again Whittles Down Lead Retained by Landon

Past the half-way mark! Over the six-weeks' line, with only three more weeks to go! And still Landon holds a commanding lead over President Roosevelt in THE LITERARY DIGEST's 1936 Presidential Poll.

Does the Kansan stand a chance? Can he actually confound the prophets and the "wise money" betters, and win? Here are 1,254,716 ballots. The score is: Landon, 713,451; Roosevelt, 485,392; Lemke, 44,825.

But there are a number of things it would be well to remember before jumping to conclusions:

In last week's report, Landon's percentage of the popular vote was 57.9. The week before, it was 58.4. This week, it is 56.9. Every week since the Poll began, the President has whittled down his opponent's lead perceptibly in the percentages. It is not inconceivable that in the final sprint of the three remaining tabulations, Roosevelt could drive the Governor's percentage figure below the 50 mark.

For the big city vote has not yet made itself felt with full force. In the case of New York State, where Landon this week shows 99,228 to the President's 34,120—nearly 3 to 1—no reports have yet been tabulated for New York City. And since time immemorial, a thumping Democratic plurality in the Five Boroughs has been a foregone conclusion.

Other Cities—The same is true of Illinois and Ohio, and to a certain extent of Pennsylvania. No votes have yet been tabulated from Chicago or Cleveland, only the first returns from the two great cities of the Keystone State. This week's figures show 3,521 votes from Philadelphia, with 53 per cent. going to Roosevelt; 4,260 from Pittsburgh, with 55 per cent. for the President.

Here, then, are four States—New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois—with a combined electoral vote of 138—more than one-fourth of all the electoral votes in the country—and the State electoral vote in each one of them might easily be determined by city votes not yet in evidence in THE DIGEST Poll.

And speaking of electoral votes . . .

There is always a possibility, particularly in a close election, of discrepancy between popular vote and electoral vote. The vagaries of the electoral system are such that a candidate might win the unanimous popular vote of Arizona, Colorado, Delaware, Idaho, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Mexico, Wyoming and North Dakota, with a combined electoral vote of thirty-three, and still lose the election to the candidate who carried, by a mere handful, Pennsylvania, with thirty-six electoral votes.

But the electoral line-up is even more confused than that would indicate. Twelve States* still have laws which require or permit the names of the electors only to appear on the ballots. Twenty-six States** still require or permit the names of the electors to appear with the names of the candidates. Suppose a number of voters mark X's for electors who happen to be popular, without regard to party. The State's electoral vote might be split. Since 1888, eight States have thus split their votes. In six of the last twelve elections, at least one State has split its electoral vote, as the chart on page 9 graphically shows.

Thus California, which this week shows 60,898 for Landon, 54,012 for Roosevelt, might not throw all its twenty-two electoral votes for either candidate. And Maryland, which is in the President's column by 11,111 to 9,322 this week, might repeat its performance of 1908, when the voters there chose six Democratic electors, two Republican electors.

Belated States — Another factor: eight States are yet to be heard from in THE DIGEST Poll. Four of them—Delaware, Connecticut, New Hampshire and Vermont, with a total of eighteen electoral votes—have been "claimed" by the Republicans. Three of them—South Carolina, North Carolina and Virginia, with a combined electoral vote of thirty-two—are presumably Democratic. West Virginia appears to be problematical, with eight votes at stake.

Even this week, there are new faces in the cavalcade of States. Kentucky, New Mexico, Maryland and Tennessee join the firing-line to cheer the Democratic ranks. Massachusetts, Wyoming, Rhode Island, Nevada and Wisconsin start out in the Republican column.

Most significant, perhaps, are these first returns from Maryland, Massachusetts,

*Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Florida, Idaho, Indiana, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, New Mexico, South Carolina and Texas.

**Arizona, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Georgia, Illinois, Kansas, Maryland, Minnesota, Montana, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Tennessee, Utah, Vermont, Virginia, West Virginia and Wyoming.

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Sixth Report "Literary Digest" 1936 Presidential Poll

	Landon 1936 Total Vote For State	How the Same Voters Voted in the 1932 Election: Rep.	Dem.	Soc.	Others	Did Not Vote	Vote Not Indicated	Roosevelt 1936 Total Vote For State	How the Same Voters Voted in the 1932 Election: Rep.	Dem.	Soc.	Others	Did Not Vote	Vote Not Indicated	Lemke 1936 Total Vote For State	How the Same Voters Voted in the 1932 Election: Rep.	Dem.	Soc.	Others	Did Not Vote	Vote Not Indicated
Alabama	2,141	860	904	2	2	280	93	7,868	271	6,726	37	1	519	314	47	2	37	3	.....	1	4
Arizona	1,103	664	307	13	.....	65	54	977	115	770	24	.....	33	35	41	8	20	5	.....	4	4
Arkansas	2,384	1,176	834	5	9	234	126	6,907	208	6,049	12	8	327	303	125	14	87	3	3	8	10
California	60,898	44,425	11,001	178	35	2,371	2,888	54,012	10,306	37,726	1,229	44	2,432	2,275	3,465	1,071	1,821	79	22	103	369
Colorado	5,952	4,512	971	50	6	183	230	3,364	548	2,531	73	3	108	101	225	60	123	13	2	10	17
Florida	5,248	2,698	1,811	12	3	475	249	7,699	550	6,229	37	.....	535	348	177	31	109	4	1	11	21
Georgia	3,578	1,126	1,646	5	11	638	152	11,991	350	9,668	36	8	1,425	504	32	3	21	1	.....	5	2
Idaho	2,415	1,790	444	7	3	63	108	1,660	246	1,278	16	5	59	56	125	41	57	3	7	6	11
Illinois	45,957	33,690	8,684	206	29	1,606	1,742	19,386	3,638	14,103	361	12	603	669	1,611	327	1,051	45	6	54	128
Indiana	40,641	30,293	7,267	129	48	1,189	1,715	25,276	4,258	19,236	279	19	664	820	2,072	459	1,285	61	11	70	186
Iowa	29,747	21,334	5,733	124	22	1,151	1,383	17,319	2,950	12,717	227	13	744	668	2,668	532	1,732	77	11	78	238
Kansas	8,865	6,342	1,629	34	2	322	536	5,840	1,250	4,020	51	5	241	273	234	54	133	9	1	9	28
Kentucky	1,632	1,140	332	2	4	74	80	2,342	216	1,918	19	.....	90	99	105	8	77	4	.....	4	12
Louisiana	2,839	1,049	1,338	7	2	292	151	6,441	363	5,250	26	.....	544	258	680	30	550	9	1	45	45
Maine	9,947	7,295	1,330	21	30	600	671	4,539	539	3,249	33	1	245	472	354	53	231	3	2	39	26
Maryland	9,322	5,147	2,624	55	1	732	763	11,111	1,131	8,394	182	3	722	679	336	30	225	14	1	22	44
Massachusetts	10,068	8,072	1,222	44	6	322	402	3,085	533	2,157	90	1	179	125	618	107	432	12	1	18	48
Michigan	15,188	11,448	2,555	70	8	459	648	6,814	1,372	4,705	186	9	279	263	1,046	259	600	39	1	35	112
Minnesota	28,591	20,823	5,536	97	3	871	1,261	19,332	3,421	13,900	458	20	786	747	5,101	753	3,659	110	13	139	427
Mississippi	765	246	356	1	.....	119	43	5,769	80	5,124	7	1	278	279	39	5	29	1	.....	1	3
Missouri	28,555	19,330	6,288	144	29	1,581	1,183	23,635	2,668	19,094	265	9	853	746	1,393	183	983	49	3	70	105
Montana	2,458	1,842	428	15	.....	75	98	1,833	344	1,301	52	1	62	73	122	32	58	8	.....	2	22
Nebraska	15,952	10,877	3,706	84	7	567	711	10,271	1,429	7,947	156	.....	342	397	757	136	520	27	2	16	56
Nevada	856	567	230	.....	.....	28	31	816	139	610	2	.....	36	29	29	8	18	.....	.....	3	.....
New Jersey	54,603	42,141	8,094	230	17	2,181	1,940	25,939	5,113	17,561	953	13	1,436	863	2,300	416	1,540	83	1	94	166
New Mexico	1,467	904	395	7	1	74	86	1,475	188	1,146	22	.....	58	61	50	12	32	1	2	1	2
New York	99,228	76,033	15,563	399	22	3,418	3,793	34,120	7,111	23,241	959	17	1,626	1,166	6,808	1,516	4,427	189	2	219	455
North Dakota	3,405	2,258	900	10	1	86	150	2,949	546	2,170	21	2	78	132	874	153	584	27	2	21	87
Ohio	57,102	42,832	9,714	309	57	1,865	2,325	33,146	6,137	23,937	777	30	1,278	987	5,560	1,135	3,625	173	14	217	396
Oklahoma	13,184	7,664	3,899	24	2	940	655	13,991	1,184	11,534	48	2	610	613	208	33	139	9	.....	9	18
Oregon	8,383	6,137	1,426	49	3	351	417	7,711	1,234	5,535	208	6	391	337	471	134	232	35	3	17	50
Pennsylvania	76,261	55,839	12,977	395	101	3,481	3,468	35,272	6,282	25,005	647	32	1,930	1,376	3,267	554	2,190	101	6	173	243
Rhode Island	1,360	1,074	177	1	1	57	50	429	78	308	7	.....	20	16	124	24	85	1	.....	5	9
South Dakota	7,257	4,909	1,797	30	10	203	308	3,769	700	2,792	38	4	99	136	643	101	455	17	10	13	47
Tennessee	5,381	3,323	1,193	7	15	558	285	9,840	746	7,845	61	17	787	384	47	3	35	1	.....	6	2
Texas	13,680	5,594	6,106	38	2	1,332	608	34,359	1,660	28,728	123	3	2,401	1,444	511	52	381	13	1	26	38
Utah	1,352	972	287	3	.....	39	51	1,725	287	1,310	13	1	44	70	49	11	30	3	.....	.....	5
Washington	14,462	10,031	3,277	45	22	516	571	10,124	1,531	7,548	172	35	467	371	467	119	258	12	19	24	35
Wisconsin	19,139	12,848	4,817	86	5	570	813	11,024	1,661	8,306	285	2	392	378	1,976	228	1,469	58	.....	61	160
Wyoming	2,085	1,520	413	12	1	69	70	1,232	196	922	16	.....	50	48	68	19	42	1	1	4	1
Totals	713,451	510,825	138,211	2,950	520	30,037	30,908	485,392	71,579	362,590	8,208	327	23,773	18,915	44,825	8,716	29,382	1,303	149	1,643	3,632

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Rhode Island and Wisconsin, because in these States there are significant factors symptomatic of the epidemic of party desertions which may or may not determine the final result.

Take Massachusetts: Here Landon has 10,068 to Roosevelt's 3,085. Months ago, a number of Democratic leaders headed by former Gov. Joseph B. Ely came out against the New Deal. "They won't swing a single vote," scoffed Bay State Democratic papers. But last week, Al Smith declared for Landon. Will they say the same thing of him? Time was when Al Smith had a considerable following in Massachusetts. Naturally, this week's returns show no result of his October 1 declaration, one way or another.

Coughlin Factor—And there is another factor in the Bay State vote, according to the press there: Father Coughlin is supposed to have a tremendous following in certain sections of the State. Is that theory borne out by the vote this week for Representative William Lemke, the radio priest's Union Party candidate? He gets a paltry 618—less than 5 per cent. of the total. If the North Dakotan does not come on with a rush during these last three weeks, he will affect the picture little either way.

Too, the fortunes of the Presidential candidates are to a certain extent tied up with those of the State's own leaders. Henry Cabot Lodge 3d is contesting for the Senate seat sought by Gov. James M. Curley, who emerged victorious from a merry Democratic primary fight with Mayor Robert E. Greenwood of Fitchburg, son-in-law of Senator Marcus A. Coolidge. Curley has been indorsed by the State Federation of Labor, but Lodge, who served as Chairman of the Labor Committee in the State Legislature, has many labor friends.

So there you are: Ely and Smith and Coughlin cutting into the Democratic strength—so far, very lightly; Senator David I. Walsh, anti-New Deal but nominally loyal to party; Curley, himself only recently at outs with the Administration, carrying the brunt of the Democratic attack. Roosevelt's prestige and record against a dozen forces pulling, wittingly or unwittingly, for Landon. Can it be said that Massachusetts is in anybody's bag?

"WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?"
—Herblock in Winston-Salem (N. C.) Journal

No less interesting is neighboring Rhode Island, where Democratic Gov. Theodore Francis Green has been carrying on a running feud with Thomas C. McCoy, party leader in the Blackstone Valley. First returns give Landon 1,360, to 429 for Roosevelt. Here, also, the voice of Father Coughlin is reputed to be not without a certain potency. And here Lemke draws 124 votes—6.4 per cent. Most significant of all, perhaps, is the attitude of Senator Peter G. Gerry, for years a dominant Democratic figure in the State, who boycotted the Democratic National Convention and allowed himself to be read out of the National Committee.

Interesting, too, is Maryland, with Baltimore the apex of a bitterly anti-New Deal salient which threatens the Democratic Party. Perhaps the Free State, more than Maine, merits the reputation—"as the State goes, so goes the Nation." Marylanders pride themselves on having been on the winning side with McKinley, Wilson (both times), Harding, Coolidge, Hoover and Roosevelt. Even in 1904 and 1908, a part of the State's electoral vote went to the successful Republican candidates.

Baltimore Bolt—This year looks to be close in Maryland. The first DIGEST Poll returns from the State bear that out. The poll conducted by the Baltimore *Sunpapers* bears it out. And that last raises another factor: What will be the effect of the *Sunpapers'* bolt?

Traditionally Democratic, they recently announced opposition to Roosevelt's reelection. Daily, Frank Kent's anti-Administration column appears in the morning editions; Henry L. Mencken blasts away in similar vein for the afternoon readers. The former Editor of *The American Mercury*, declaring personally for Landon, remarked:

"I believe it will be a good idea to try the Hon. Mr. Landon of Kansas. He would cut a poor figure in opera, but he looks to me to be a pretty good hand with the shovel."

Wisconsin might be termed the real surprize, on the basis of this week's figures. Landon leads Roosevelt by 19,139 to 11,024, despite the fact that the La Follette brothers, Governor Philip and Senator Robert, have thrown their State Progressive machine behind the President. What is the answer? Perhaps at least part of it lies in the Lemke vote of 1,976—1,469 of whom voted for Roosevelt in 1932 as against 228 who voted for Hoover.

Among the other States reporting for the first time, Kentucky, as might be expected, gives 2,342 to Roosevelt, as against 1,632 for the Kansan. Wyoming goes for the Kansas Governor by 2,085 to 1,232. Townsendites showed some anti-Administration strength in this State at the primaries, as did live stock farmers, angered by the New Deal's reciprocal trade policy. But since its admission to the Union, the State has gone Republican seven times; Democratic four; whereas Kentucky has bolted the Democratic Party only three times since 1888.

One of the week's most intriguing developments comes, not from a State appearing for the first time, but from Missouri, which last week seemed safely tucked in the Roosevelt column where Chairman James A. Farley and Kansas City Boss Tom Pendergast agree it "belongs."

Missouri Showing—This week, Missouri swings to Landon, by 28,555 to 23,635. Was Chairman John D. M. Hamilton, of the Republican National Committee, unduly alarmed when he said that his man Landon would carry the Show-Me State, "unless we are snowed under by Tom Pendergast's machine tactics"? Or has Pendergast something of a surprize of his own up his sleeve—a surprize that will be known only when the full St. Louis and Kansas City returns are in?

Here, again, a newspaper enters the picture. The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, loyal, ever since it was founded by the late Joseph Pulitzer, to the Democratic Party, especially loyal to Franklin D. Roosevelt in

MINOR CANDIDATES

States	Thomas 1936 Votes	Browder 1936 Votes	Colvin 1936 Votes	Aiken 1936 Votes	Others 1936 Votes	Totals	Grand Total Votes By States	States
Alabama	25	2	20	.....	.....	47	10,103	Alabama
Arizona	13	4	6	.....	.....	23	2,144	Arizona
Arkansas	32	5	21	2	5	65	9,481	Arkansas
California	492	672	274	37	36	1,511	119,886	California
Colorado	37	13	13	3	4	70	9,611	Colorado
Florida	47	19	29	6	2	103	13,227	Florida
Georgia	43	12	26	.....	17	98	15,699	Georgia
Idaho	20	1	10	1	2	34	4,234	Idaho
Illinois	203	68	75	12	5	363	67,317	Illinois
Indiana	206	61	151	13	12	443	68,432	Indiana
Iowa	164	45	102	12	4	327	50,061	Iowa
Kansas	33	14	29	2	.....	78	15,017	Kansas
Kentucky	9	5	6	.....	3	23	4,102	Kentucky
Louisiana	64	23	33	.....	6	126	10,086	Louisiana
Maine	42	11	3	1	5	62	14,902	Maine
Maryland	68	49	15	6	.....	138	20,907	Maryland
Massachusetts	56	33	11	3	1	104	13,875	Massachusetts
Michigan	122	25	34	5	1	187	23,235	Michigan
Minnesota	352	148	165	26	11	702	53,726	Minnesota
Mississippi	18	6	14	.....	1	39	6,612	Mississippi
Missouri	255	59	67	7	8	396	53,979	Missouri
Montana	31	3	8	.....	.....	42	4,455	Montana
Nebraska	63	30	38	1	4	136	27,116	Nebraska
Nevada	9	5	3	.....	1	18	1,719	Nevada
New Jersey	571	350	81	19	21	1,042	83,884	New Jersey
New Mexico	12	3	7	.....	.....	22	3,014	New Mexico
New York	716	263	270	26	46	1,321	141,477	New York
North Dakota	26	7	24	.....	1	58	7,286	North Dakota
Ohio	365	121	203	43	20	752	96,560	Ohio
Oklahoma	126	16	59	10	3	214	27,597	Oklahoma
Oregon	103	33	49	6	11	202	16,767	Oregon
Pennsylvania	548	159	284	33	18	1,042	115,842	Pennsylvania
Rhode Island	13	7	2	2	.....	24	1,937	Rhode Island
South Dakota	34	24	22	2	3	85	11,754	South Dakota
Tennessee	29	5	31	1	.....	66	15,334	Tennessee
Texas	160	44	78	7	11	300	48,850	Texas
Utah	17	5	4	.....	3	29	3,155	Utah
Washington	107	89	56	19	9	280	25,333	Washington
Wisconsin	322	79	56	6	2	465	32,604	Wisconsin
Wyoming	8	2	1	.....	.....	11	3,396	Wyoming
Totals	5,561	2,520	2,380	311	276	11,048	1,254,716	Totals

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	1888	1892	1896	1900	1904	1908	1912	1916	1920	1924	1928	1932
ALABAMA	10	11	11	11	11	11	12	12	12	12	12	11
ARIZONA							3	3	3	3	3	3
ARKANSAS	7	8	8	8	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
CALIFORNIA	8	1 8	8 1	9	10	10	2	13	13	13	13	22
COLORADO	3	4	4	4	5	5	6	6	6	6	6	6
CONNECTICUT	6	6	6	6	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	8
DELAWARE	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
FLORIDA	4	4	4	4	5	5	6	6	6	6	6	7
GEORGIA	12	13	13	13	13	13	14	14	14	14	14	12
IDAHO		3	3	3	3	3	4	4	4	4	4	4
ILLINOIS	22	24	24	24	27	27	29	29	29	29	29	29
INDIANA	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	14
IOWA	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	11
KANSAS	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	9
KENTUCKY	13	13	12 1	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	11
LOUISIANA	8	8	8	8	9	9	10	10	10	10	10	10
MAINE	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	5
MARYLAND	8	8	8	8	1 7	2 6	8	8	8	8	8	8
MASSACHUSETTS	14	15	15	15	16	16	18	18	18	18	18	17
MICHIGAN	13	9 5	14	14	14	14	15	15	15	15	15	19
MINNESOTA	7	9	9	9	11	11	12	12	12	12	12	11
MISSISSIPPI	9	9	9	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	9
MISSOURI	16	17	17	17	18	18	18	18	18	18	18	15
MONTANA		3	3	3	3	3	4	4	4	4	4	4
NEBRASKA	5	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	7
NEVADA	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
NEW HAMPSHIRE	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
NEW JERSEY	9	10	10	10	12	12	14	14	14	14	14	16
NEW MEXICO							3	3	3	3	3	3
NEW YORK	36	36	36	36	39	39	45	45	45	45	45	47
NORTH CAROLINA	11	11	11	11	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	13
NORTH DAKOTA		1 1	3	3	4	4	5	5	5	5	5	4
OHIO	23	22 1	23	23	23	23	24	24	24	24	24	26
OKLAHOMA						7	10	10	10	10	10	11
OREGON	3	3	4	4	4	4	5	5	5	5	5	5
PENNSYLVANIA	30	32	32	32	34	34	38	38	38	38	38	36
RHODE ISLAND	4	4	4	4	4	4	5	5	5	5	5	4
SOUTH CAROLINA	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	8
SOUTH DAKOTA		4	4	4	4	4	5	5	5	5	5	4
TENNESSEE	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	11
TEXAS	13	15	15	15	18	18	20	20	20	20	20	23
UTAH			3	3	3	3	4	4	4	4	4	4
VERMONT	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	3
VIRGINIA	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	11
WASHINGTON		4	4	4	5	5	7	7	7	7	7	8
WEST VIRGINIA	6	6	6	6	7	7	8	7 1	8	8	8	8
WISCONSIN	11	12	12	12	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	12
WYOMING		3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
TOTALS	168	277	176	155	140	162	435	277	127	136	87	472
	233	145	271	292	336	321	8	254	404	382	444	59
		22					88			13		

DEMOCRATIC — REPUBLICAN — POPULIST -1892, PROGRESSIVE-1912,1924

Courtesy The New York *Times*

The 48 States will have the same number of electoral votes in 1936 as they had in 1932. The chart shows their distribution since 1888 and to which party they have been cast

1932, has just switched to Landon. In no uncertain terms, it outlines its reasons:

"The (Democratic) Party to-day, under Mr. Roosevelt, burns its incense before strange gods. The Rights of the States? Away with them! They belong to the horse-and-buggy era. The Constitution? It is something to be got around, so that we may have the more abundant life. The Supreme Court? Nine old men barring the onward march to Utopia. . . . We base our opposition to Mr. Roosevelt not so much on the errors of his Administration as on the direction, or drift, of the philosophy that controls it."

Minor Candidates—Remote from the thick of the battle, possibly the only principals who are able to relax, the other minor candidates "string along" with the field.

Norman Thomas, the Socialist, leads the pack, with a total of 5,561 votes. Next comes Earl Browder, Communist, with 2,520. Then D. Leigh Colvin, Prohibitionist, with 2,380; and last, John W. Aiken, Socialist-Labor, with 311.

That is the picture as of this week. The figures are here. THE LITERARY DIGEST draws no conclusions from them; let the reader do that for himself.

In a wild year like this, it can only warn readers to weigh *all* the factors, wait for the *final* tabulations, and remember that between now and November 3 many, many things may happen to change the whole trend of popular feeling overnight.

But THE DIGEST can remind them, too—and with justifiable pride—that the 1932 Poll differed from the actual major party popular vote of nearly forty millions by only three-fourths of 1 per cent.

PARTY BOLTERS: Winant and Smith Among Flip-Floppers in Criss-Cross Campaign

A quiet, self-effacing man from New Hampshire, who preferred to stay out of the mêlée to plug away at his job, got mad last week and jumped into the political turmoil to hammer his own Party.

The man: John G. Winant, tall, dark-haired, gray-eyed; Republican; Chairman of the New Deal's Social Security Board; ex-Governor of New Hampshire.

Cause: Gov. Alfred M. Landon's attack on the Social Security Act as "unjust, unworkable, stupidly drafted and wastefully financed . . . a cruel hoax" on the workers.

Result: Winant quit the Security Board to defend it, assail his own Party and Landon.

"The call to retreat," he said, "is written large in the whole tissue of the Republican position. . . . An advance has begun and no man has a right to call 'halt.'"

Winant's bolt stands out in a campaign notable for bolting. Others who have jumped the Republican Party to back the New Deal—tho they surprized no one—are Senator George W. Norris, Nebraska Progressive, and Senator James Couzens, Michigander who went down to defeat in the recent primary.

Smith as Head-Liner—But most of the bolting has been contrariwise, with Alfred E. Smith's leap to Landon the loudest headline boomer. Other big Roosevelt bolters: Bainbridge Colby, Secretary of State under Wilson; Col. Henry Breckinridge, Under Secretary of War under Wilson; ex-Gov. Joseph B. Ely of Massachusetts; ex-Senator James A. Reed of Missouri.

A bolter who performs the feat of re-bolting is George N. Peek, first Administrator of the New Deal's AAA.

Peek was a Republican, but in 1928 he turned to Smith, then served under Roosevelt.

Last week he flip-flopped back to the G.O.P., assailing Roosevelt for "breaking his promise" to the farmers and declaring for Landon.

Conspicuous in this parade of the bolters is the brawny radio priest, Father Charles E. Coughlin. Formerly a supporter of the Democratic Party, he now favors Representative William Lemke, Union Party nominee. In 1932 Father Coughlin backed Roosevelt.

But this year he has ripped into the President with such fierceness that the attacks echoed in Rome. News dispatches said the Vatican was perturbed; some observers construed this as a rebuke to the priest.

But Father Coughlin declared he had not been rebuked, averred he would continue to attack the New Deal.

Vatican Voyager—Another development in this situation came last week when Cardinal Pacelli, Papal Secretary of State, sailed for the United States.

Rumors, true or untrue, had it that his visit related to Father Coughlin's political activities, particularly such speeches as that in which he called the President a "betrayer."

These party jumpers are 1936 practitioners of an old American custom. In 1872 Horace Greeley, Editor of the New

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York *Tribune*, successfully led a Republican revolt to head off Grant from renomination.

In 1884, Henry Ward Beecher, minister and famous orator, swung Republican support to Cleveland and helped to defeat James G. Blaine.

Both big Parties had revolts in 1896 over the silver issue. Thirty-five delegates walked out of the Republican Convention when it refused to indorse free silver. Eastern Democrats who turned thumbs down on William Jennings Bryan after his "cross of gold" speech, formed their own organization, nominated John M. Palmer. By splitting the Party, they succeeded in throwing the election to Republican William McKinley.

Bull Moose—Biggest bolt of all was that staged by Theodore Roosevelt in 1912 when he formed the Bull Moose Party, went down to defeat with Taft, gave the office to Wilson.

Next big year for bolting was 1928, when Al Smith's candidacy tore things apart. Much of the warfare was over Prohibition, which Smith had consistently fought. Dry Democrats went to Hoover, wet Republicans to Smith.

Two who quit Smith were Senator Thomas Heflin of Alabama and Senator Furnifold McL. Simmons of North Carolina. Senator John J. Blaine, Wisconsin Republican, jumped to the Democrats. So, too, did Pierre S. du Pont, industrialist, and William Woodin, later Secretary of the Treasury.

Current puzzle: How much effect will the bolting leaders of 1936 have on the November election?

ELECTION BETTING: Odds of Nine to Five on Roosevelt Quoted; Large Wagers Denied

"For Most Men (till by losing rendered sager)
Will back their own opinions by a wager."
—*Byron.*

It has often been said that any real bet has three stages; the argument, the bet itself and either the acceptance or a punch in the jaw. No statistics are available on the number of fractured bones from arguments on the coming Presidential election, but betting commissioners are pretty sure that most publicized bets so far have not been covered.

"Bunk," snorted Messrs. Robert Greene and Jack Doyle, when asked to confirm announcements that bets ranging from $50,000 to $250,000 on both Landon and Roosevelt had been taken. They are leading betting commissioners in the East, but have seen little money. The odds they quote are 9-5 on Roosevelt.

Meanwhile Lloyd's of London has changed its original offer. To insure £350 in case Roosevelt is not reelected, it asks £286. American brokerage firms in London interpret this as almost 3-2 on the President. Other English brokers offer even money on either candidate.

In 1932, Lloyd's offered 6-4 on Roosevelt; 1928, 13-7 on Hoover; 1924, 3-1 on Coolidge; 1920, 7-3 on Harding; 1916, no quotations; 1912 (early August), 4-6 on Wilson, 2-5 against Roosevelt, 3-7 against Taft; (late August) 3-1 on Wilson; (September) 17-5 on Wilson. Then all insurance odds were called off.

HOODED KILLERS: Detroit Jury Convicts Eleven Black Legion Members of Murder

Scene 1. (Time: May 12, 1936.) A dark country road. A speeding automobile slows down, stops at the roadside. Eight men clamber out. One of them is cowering.

Voice: Let's all have a drink first.

A bottle passes from hand to hand; there are gurglings, coughs, as seven men drink. The eighth waits. One of the men, wiping his lips, steps up to him.

Voice: You've beaten up your wife for the last time.

Instantly another man steps up, drawing two revolvers. Eight spurts of flame stab the darkness as both guns roar. The captive drops in the dirt.

Voice: Let's all go home.

The seven men get back into the car and drive off, leaving the body of Charles A. Poole, obscure WPA worker of Detroit, to be discovered at daylight, "a ritual murder" victim of the terroristic Black Legion.

Stern Verdict—Scene 2. (Time: September 29.) A crowded court-room in Detroit. The crowd becomes silent as the jury files in. Twelve Black Legionnaires, charged with murder, are tight-jawed with suspense. So is little Rebecca Poole, soft-faced Tennessee girl who married a Catholic and was widowed by the Catholic-hating Legion five days after her second child was born. She had called the wife-beating story a lie.

Standing behind the bench is plump, benign-looking Judge Joseph A. Moynihan. But all eyes are on Benjamin Hunzicker, jury foreman. He can not read the verdict because the defense attorney is not present. There is a nerve-tingling delay while attendants scurry about looking for him. He enters. Then the verdict:

Seven of the twelve guilty of first-degree murder. That means mandatory life sentences. (Michigan has no capital punishment.) Four guilty of second-degree murder. One exonerated.

Black Legion Col. Harvey Davis loses his composure as he hears his doom; his face sags, his jaw drops.

Lowell Rushing, an in-law of Poole's, lolls in his chair, does not blink.

Wide World

Rebecca Poole: widowed by the killing hand of the Black Legion

Accuser Rejoices—Other defendants scrape their feet, clench their fists as they fight to control their emotions. Wives, mothers, sisters of the convicted men sob or faint. Not Rebecca Poole:

"That's swell, ain't it—isn't it? . . . Let them cry. They never shed a tear over the death of my husband."

Rushing, as he is being led past her: "Well, I hope you're satisfied."

"Yes, you bet I am. I hope you never come out alive."

Mrs. Davis, wife of the man convicted of ordering Dayton Dean, confessed slayer, to shoot Poole: "I don't care for myself. It's my children. They can never live it down. The jurors took the word of a murderer."

Scene 3. What will it be? All Michigan wonders as it sighs with satisfaction over the Detroit convictions. One thing is certain: There will be more court-room scenes with Black Legionnaires in the rôle of defendants.

Suppression—Shocked by the revelation that Poole's murder had been ordered by a secret society that binds its members with a bullet-and-blood oath, Michigan authorities have been fighting for the last five months to stamp out the hidden terror. They investigated reports that the Black Legion had 6,000,000 members scattered throughout the country, that it planned to seize the Government and set up a dictatorship.

Michigan authorities dug deep into killings, beatings, threats. Now they are reaping the harvest, with the Detroit convictions the first of the crop. Fifteen other cases are pending against more than seventy defendants. One involves the killing of Silas Coleman, a Negro, "just to see what it's like to shoot a nigger."

Twenty-two are named in a criminal syndicalism case.

One is the beefy, bald Virgil F. Effinger, of Lima, Ohio, reputed national leader of the hooded order. Last week he was still among the missing. The law has found him a shy, if bulky, violet.

FIGHTING AN INFERNO: WPA Tackles Job of Stopping 52-Year-Old Coal Blaze

Light gleamed last week through the black damp and foul smoke of burning coal which have drifted over the half-deserted village of New Straitsville in Southeastern Ohio for half a century. If the Works Progress Administration succeeds in a project just undertaken, the twelve-mile area around the village, with its picturesquely named spots like Gobler's Knob, Cow Hill and Goose Run, and their sooty stench will be gone within three years.

Following plans worked out by a government investigation in 1934, one hundred WPA workers began at Lost Run, Martin's Hollow and Shawnee Barriers to slash with bush hooks and pickaxes, clearing and digging to check a mine fire that has been eating at the soft coal fields underneath since 1884.

To cut the rotting wood, braving suffocating black damp and acrid smoke,

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C. A. Robinson Photo

Little Hades: fires started by strikers in coal-mine of New Straitsville still burn to-day

most of the 300 men who will ultimately help on the project will be experienced miners or especially trained. With New Straitsville putting up $32,000, the WPA will spend $232,000 in Perry County and $128,000 in adjoining Hocking County in the next year. Men will come off the relief rolls of the impoverished territory and work under engineers from the United States Bureau of Mines and the Ohio State Department of Mines.

Possible Solution—Surveys showing the extent of the fire that has destroyed 12,000,000 tons of coal and threatens another 28,000,000 also pointed the way to stopping it. Extinguishing it is hopeless; thousands of dollars have been wasted diverting creeks into the fire and forcing steam into the tunnels.

The region's hope to-day lies in three planned barriers: One at Shawnee 5,400 feet long, another a few miles away southwest of New Straitsville 600 feet long, and a third just south of the village, 5,400 feet long. Deep excavations, sometimes partly tunneled, will be slashed through the hills. Coal excavated will be distributed to relief clients, the cuts filled with a sludge of mud and water.

Even when it is safe to work in adjoining mines, residents will not be sure of employment. The blighted coal-fields of the Hocking Valley, explored by Daniel Boone late in the eighteenth century and settled first by emigrants from New England, then by Welsh miners, are now as much a center of unemployment as they once were of bitter strikes and lockouts.

Scene of Strikes—It was one of those clashes which started the fire spectacularly. With the boom days half a century ago the State's first local of the United Mine Workers of America was organized. Strikes were violent and prolonged. Negro strike-breakers were brought to New Straitsville, then a city of 3,800 persons. Horny-handed Welshmen held councils of war. One December night in 1884 a dozen nameless strikers poured kerosene into six coal cars and sent them hurtling, ablaze, into the shafts to terrify the colored strike-breakers. Screaming as if the devil were after them, the Negroes fled from the flaming inferno. Strikers in pursuit hurled lumps of coal and shouted dire threats.

The strikers won, but the burning cars already had ignited mine timbers and loose bituminous coal. Jobs were gone, for water, steam and attempted sealings stopped only one fire, left five to glow red in the underground shafts. Over a twelve-mile area they spread.

New Straitsville's prosperity, bank, newspaper and all, died. Workers began to drift to fields less rich but more active. The 1,700 remaining residents watched the fire creep slowly until it ringed the village on three sides. One time a road sank five feet as foundations were burned away. A dozen houses have been abandoned, to crumple as the fire ate its way under them.

COLUMNISTS ON MONEY STABILIZATION

They Agree in Seeing Benefits to the World and to America

Frank R. Kent, Baltimore *Sun* and McNaught Syndicate, Inc.: "More than once since his [Roosevelt's] renomination last June, he has blunted the opposition attack by a carefully timed and skilfully arranged announcement, which seemed non-political and wholly official. . . . The accord on currency stabilization reached by America, Britain and France, however, is a different proposition. It may be that this announcement was political in that it came at a time when the favorable effect upon Mr. Roosevelt would count most in the election.

"None the less, a man would have to be blindly partizan, indeed, to look at it from the political angle, hopelessly narrow not to recognize that it is a step of great importance over which there should be rejoicing among those who believe that international cooperation and currency stabilization are vital to world recovery, basic to a resumption of sound foreign relations and indispensable to control of the economic and social disorders from which we are only relatively free. . . .

"As for the Republicans, they are . . . entitled to have some fun at the expense of Mr. Morgenthau, who seems to have stuck his chin out for a resounding slap in his somewhat dime-novelish accusation that the Russians had tried to ditch the whole business by selling five million dollars' worth of British pounds in the American market."

Walter Lippmann, New York Herald Tribune Syndicate, in 139 newspapers: "It is five years . . . since the post-War gold standard collapsed, and if the [stabilization] measures which have now at last been taken had been taken then, the world would have been spared a vast amount of human suffering, the most dangerous phase of the economic depression, and almost certainly the worst of the social and international disorders which have been so seriously aggravated since 1931.

"The delay has been costly. For now that the Governments have at last dealt radically with the cause of the disaster, they will still have to struggle for a long time with its consequences. In 1936 it is necessary to cure the evil results which in 1931 the Governments could by these same measures have largely prevented. But tho we can not expect quick relief from all our anxieties, this agreement is a sure foundation on which the nations can advance."

Dorothy Thompson, New York Herald Tribune Syndicate, in seventy newspapers: "It is difficult to overestimate the importance of the stabilization agreement . . . whether in the field of international or domestic economics or politics. It is like the cutting of an abscess which has been poisoning the whole world. One has a feeling of almost physical relief. For again economic freedom, international collaboration, liberal democracy and common sense are on the offensive. By a single action these ideas have resumed leadership, and by a gesture directed against no one but directed wholly toward unity.

"Liberalism was supposed to be dead, and behold, it is alive again! There is a new liberal front in the world. While the dictatorships are threatening each other and the world with war, three great democratic Powers cooperate peacefully and successfully to end monetary isolation and warfare, to agree to the mutual protection of each other's currencies, and immediately and overnight, every democratic country in the Western world joins them. The agreement can not stop where it is. It will make no sense if it does. To be consistent, we must go on to increase the exchange of goods in world trade."

Arthur Krock, in the New York *Times:* "The Anglo-French-American gentlemen's agreement to keep steady the pound and the dollar, on the basis of the franc as devalued, strikingly illustrates an important political point. This is that, because of the intolerable length of Presidential campaigns in this country, the Outs must make promises at the peril of having them matched by performance before Election day. This is what has happened in the case of the *de facto* stabilization, with its foreshadowed consequences of lowered or eliminated trade-barriers all over the world and a more healthful condition of foreign trade and international feeling."

Paul Mallon, North American Newspaper Alliance, in 300 newspapers: "The money arrangement between Washington, London and Paris was advertised, at first, as a stabilization pact. It has since been called a democratic monetary entente. It is neither. What it amounts to is a gentlemen's understanding that the three big-money players will not cut each other's throats in the international poker game while one of them, France, is revaluing her chips.

"This sensible arrangement is guarded further by an if. They will do it if it does not cost them too much. Nearly every one is now settled down to asserting that it is the first step toward currency stabilization, and it is, in the same degree that putting on your hat is the first normal step toward going for a walk, but putting on your hat has nothing to do with determining the direction you may follow after you get out the door.

"In other words, the big-money Powers have adopted a truce, but have reserved broad freedom for future action, while France is removing the largest obstacle to serious stabilization discussions. Stabilization may and should come of it, but no one knows when or how."

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GALLANT SPANIARDS STILL DIE IN VAIN

Leftists Fight to Death, Regardless of Leaders' Incapacity

Spanish Leftists who had been defending a farmhouse near Irun wiped out by machine-gun blast

Gen. Francisco Franco, idol of Spain's Legionnaires who believed he fought under a charmed star, came to look on the fierce band he had organized as his personal army. To curb him, Premier Manuel Azaña, now President of the strife-torn Republic, relegated him to an obscure post in the Canary Islands. Then, it is said, still fearful of the General's popularity, power and rising ambition, he planned to arrest the Rightist and execute him. Had Azaña acted a day or two sooner, there would be one dictator fewer.

But the General struck suddenly in July, bringing his Foreign Legion from Africa to the Spanish mainland, and last week the stocky, swarthy, not bad-looking Spaniard of forty-two joined the band of Fascist autocrats with Adolf Hitler, Benito Mussolini and Dr. Antonio Salazar of Portugal. He faced a more tremendous task than any of them, because the civil struggle has embittered the Spanish people until only the extermination of Left or Right can bring real peace to the Peninsula.

In their provisional Capital at Burgos, the insurgent Rightist Generals, Miguel Cabañellas, former head of the *Junta;* Emilio Mola of the northern army, and Gonzalo Queipo de Llano, Seville Commander, named Franco their supreme leader, and promised him absolute power in the event of their victory.

Nickname of "Butcher"—The new dictator, a Roman Catholic conservative, won his captaincy at twenty, and at thirty-two became the country's youngest general. Two years ago, he suppressed Austurian miners, in revolt against a Rightist Government at Madrid, with such ferocity that they dubbed him "The Butcher."

With a scarlet sash across his field *khaki* as the symbol of his rank, Franco last week solemnly promised to raise Spain "to the position she once occupied," or die in the attempt. Cheering followers predicted that, when her bloody war is over, Spain will have a trained army of half a million men to make good his boast.

General Franco took command at a time when all Spanish Rightists hysterically hailed him as a hero, because he had lifted the seventy-one-day siege of the Alcazar at Toledo. Living like blinded rats deep underground in the old Moorish fortress, 1,200 officers and cadets and 400 women and children had undergone a soul-shattering bombardment. TNT mines had blasted its towers and torn at its walls until the attackers believed that not more than 500 of its defenders still lived. Correspondents, climbing over debris to the first floor of the structure, found that only eighty had been killed, 500 wounded.

Scenes of Horror—They saw haggard men with stomachs distended from starvation—for weeks they had lived on horse and mule meat and bullet-like rolls made of oats destined for the animals. Women, still too terrified to creep out into the sunlight, clung to the ruined building, which reeked with death; crammed into shell-holes or sprawled on *patio* floors.

An army surgeon proudly pointed to the bloodstained table in a candle-lit cell where he had performed thirty amputations without anesthetics, and delivered two babies. Often stray shells wounded the injured during operations. For the besieged, the worst strain of the long hell was the sound of constant drilling—portent of the mines which daily pierced farther underground.

"In a vaulted room thirty by fifty feet," John T. Whittaker wrote in the New York *Herald Tribune,* "there were seventy-five women and children huddled together around a wick burning in oil. One mother suckled her child. Another changed a diaper." One walked up with a boy born fifteen minutes after a Red mine exploded.

Loss of Art—Meanwhile, Loyalists retreated in wild disorder from the ruins of the beautiful gray city immortalized by the painter El Greco. His masterpieces, whether rescued or destroyed, have disappeared.

Desperation throbbed in Madrid's appeals for help. Leftists called on all able-bodied men to defend the Capital at once—"it will be too late to-morrow." Officers leading the disheartened retreat got orders: "Shoot your cowards."

When the *Cortes* (Parliament) convened October 1, as required by the Constitution, only about 100 of the 473 Deputies showed up. Some had fled abroad, some fought with Rightist troops, some had been killed by Madrid Reds. Government planes patroled the air to guard the session. In the diplomatic gallery, only Marcel Rosenberg, Soviet Ambassador, appeared.

Military Strategy—Premier Largo Caballero said his Government's one object was to win the war, and was given a unanimous vote of confidence. The *Cortes* granted autonomy to the Basque Provinces in the north, tho Leftists controlled only one city there—Bilbao, which continued its stubborn defense against land and sea attacks, and killed hostages to quiet a populace maddened by Right air raids.

At Burgos, Fascists optimistically looked forward to Madrid's fall within two weeks.

"Will the Government flee the Capital, or try to make Madrid the Verdun and cemetery of Spain? On this decision," said the *Herald Tribune,* "depends the time to be required and the amount of blood to be shed before Madrid flies the pre-republican colors which Franco brought from Morocco. For the issue no longer is in doubt. The Insurgents have exploited all—and the Government forces none—of their advantages, and to-day the war is won. . . .

"The incapacity for organization is the key to Madrid's collapse." Leftists had no united command. Altho young workers lay dead on all the roads of Spain, trained Civil Guards deserted in batches of fifty and a hundred. "The beardless civilian youths who have died bravely were sold out down the line by leaders who knew how to destroy, but not how to build, either the Republic, an army, or victory."

KING OF HIMSELF: So Is Edward VIII in Private as Well as Public Life

When King Edward VIII was still Prince of Wales, a Red in a London crowd cried out as he passed: "There goes one of the idle rich!" "Rich if you like," the perennially youthful Prince shot back, "but damn it all, not idle."

With 300,000 miles of travel—the equivalent of twelve world tours—for the British Empire to his credit, he spoke truly. By his charm, his quick, shy grin, his undaunted democracy, he won an international popularity second to none in the world, a popularity which made him Britain's star salesman and enabled his tradesman subjects to rake in golden pounds. Canadians saw him ride a bronco like the best of them—and bought British. So did Argentines won by his fluent Spanish, and black Africans who applauded his Swahili—an Arab-fostered trade dialect which facilitates business with pigmies and Hottentots.

In the British Isles a hundred different classes honor him for reasons of their own: sailors remember the "Sardine" (a nickname inspired by his diminutive size) who underwent discipline with the rest of them. His typical sailor's tattoo, a blue

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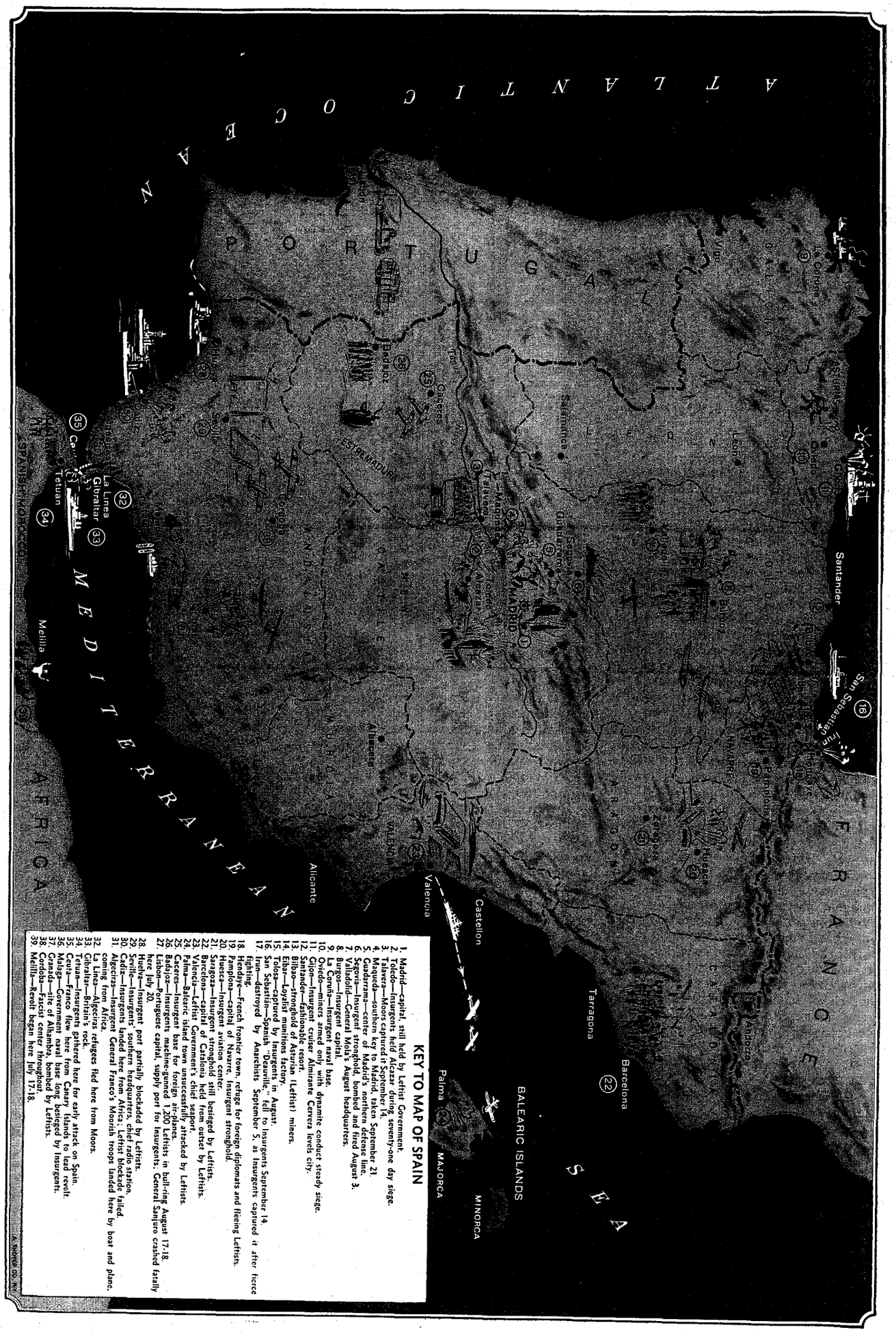

KEY TO MAP OF SPAIN

1. Madrid—capital, still held by Leftist Government.
2. Toledo—Insurgents held Alcazar during seventy-one day siege.
3. Talavera—Moors captured it September 14.
4. Maqueda—southern key to Madrid, taken September 21.
5. Guadarrama—center of Madrid's northern defense line.
6. Segovia—Insurgent stronghold, bombed and fired August 3.
7. Valladolid—General Mola's August headquarters.
8. Burgos—Insurgent capital.
9. La Coruña—Insurgent naval base.
10. Oviedo—miners armed only with dynamite conduct steady siege.
11. Gijon—Insurgent cruiser Almirante Cervera levels city.
12. Santander—fashionable resort.
13. Bilbao—stronghold of Asturian (Leftist) miners.
14. Eibar—Loyalist munitions factory.
15. Irun—captured by Insurgents in August.
16. San Sebastian—Spanish Deauville, fell to Insurgents September 14.
17. Irun—destroyed by Anarchists September 5, as Insurgents captured it after fierce fighting.
18. Hendaye—French frontier town, refuge for foreign diplomats and fleeing Leftists.
19. Pamplona—capital of Navarre, Insurgent stronghold.
20. Huesca—Insurgent aviation center.
21. Saragoza—Insurgent stronghold still besieged by Leftists.
22. Barcelona—capital of Catalonia held from outset by Leftists.
23. Valencia—Leftist Government's chief seaport.
24. Palma—Balearic island town unsuccessfully attacked by Leftists.
25. Caceres—Insurgent base for foreign air-planes.
26. Badajoz—Insurgents machine-gunned 1,200 Leftists in bull-ring August 17-18.
27. Lisbon—Portuguese capital, supply port for Insurgents; General Sanjuro crashed fatally here July 20.
28. Huelva—Insurgent port partially blockaded by Leftists.
29. Seville—Insurgents southern headquarters, chief radio station.
30. Algeciras—Insurgents landed here from Africa; Leftist blockade failed.
31. Algeciras—Insurgent General Franco's Moorish troops landed here by boat and plane, coming from Africa; refugees fled here from Moors.
32. La Linea—Algeciras refugees fled here from Moors.
33. Gibraltar—Britain's rock.
34. Tetuan—Insurgents gathered here for early attack on Spain.
35. Ceuta—Franco flew here from Canary Islands to lead revolt.
36. Malaga—Government naval base long besieged by Insurgents.
37. Granada—site of Alhambra, bombed by Leftists.
38. Cordoba—Fascist center throughout.
39. Melilla—Revolt began here July 17-18.

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Acme

Underwood

Queen Mary's move from Buckingham palace

Globe

Globe

. . . did not concern the King or Mrs. Simpson

chain round his neck with three dangling crosses, dates from that service.

Oxford men recall a student who lived as simply as they did, tho family orders prevented his taking part in debates against royalty.

Loyal Veterans—Soldiers cherish an affectionate admiration for the young staff officer who played truant from his safe headquarters behind the lines, and turned up in the trenches with the Guards. On one occasion, when a shell blew up his motor and killed his chauffeur, Edward collected the dead man's mementoes for his family.

But the poor, who know the King best, love him best. Coal-miners, on strike to statesmen's disgust, have found comfort in Edward's visits, his contributions to their cause. Even since accession slum tenants have welcomed him to the sickening squalor of their homes, seen him depart white-faced, and overheard his caustic comment: "It's ghastly!"

As the land's most ardent sponsor of proper housing, he has built clean, bright dwellings for the tenants of his Duchy of Cornwall. His simplicity has endeared him to his humblest subjects. As the King himself says, he would rather talk to an intelligent dustman than a dull Duke.

Yet it is duchesses, rather than their lords, that he has outraged recently. As a youth, the hard-working bachelor King once remarked: "What is the good of my being a Prince if I can't do as I like?" As monarch, he has followed the gay assumption of his grandfather, Edward VII, that his personal life concerns only himself. And for that reason the stodgier members of the nobility gossip endlessly these days about "*that* Mrs. Simpson," or "*that* Yankee," meaning their King's closest woman friend.

Maryland Girl—Of good Southern family, Wallis Warfield was born in Baltimore about thirty-eight years ago. In 1916 she married Earle Winfield Spencer, Jr., of the United States Navy. After six years she divorced him and took as her second husband Capt. Ernest Simpson, Harvard-educated lawyer and member of Simpson, Spence & Young, New York and London shipping agents. The couple moved to the British Capital.

Two years ago Mrs. Simpson, a brunette Miriam Hopkins with all the film star's vivacity, met the Prince of Wales. Altho she accompanied him on Riviera vacations, danced with him till dawn, kept him waiting in a beauty shop, and persuaded him to wear sports clothes to match her own, polite London did not object before the King's accession.

But when the Simpsons attended his dinner for the Lindberghs and figured in the court circular with the ultrarespectable Stanley Baldwins, society muttered. "It was a shock to everybody," a retired Army man groused. "I am sorry to say the King has no taste. We suspected it, and now we know it."

Then the King left for his Adriatic cruise and Mrs. Simpson, unaccompanied by her husband, went along. London newspapers, more discreet than the monarch, tried in vain to find pictures in which the King was not smiling happily at his lively friend, and published none at all.

Balkan Capitals fêted the King, and everywhere the American sat beside him. Kemal Ataturk, who found it necessary to adopt numerous daughters after abolishing Turkish harems, posed between the couple.

Prestige-Builder—During his vacation, however, the King kept busy over affairs of State—a thorn for malicious critics. Throughout the Balkans he endeavored to rebuild British prestige, threatened by German and Italian ambitions. In Berlin and Rome the well-controlled press commented angrily on his activities.

On his return home, Edward took up residence in old-fashioned Balmoral Castle, Scotland. There he defied precedent by heading the court circular with the announcement of the American commoner's arrival, following it with a note on the charitable activities of the Duke and Duchess of York.

Altho the British press skipped the notice, American newspapers broadcast it. The New York *World-Telegram* followed with a story that Queen Mary, "whose regard for convention is an empire byword, disapproved of the friendship . . . revelation that she intended to move from the King's residence to Marlborough House, where she would be alone except for servants, was the confirmation gossips needed."

On the face of it the story was absurd, no matter what the Queen's attitude toward her son's friend. Since the death of William IV in 1837, when Queen Adelaide moved there, Britain's Dowager Queens have lived in the old red building. Soon after King George's death last January it was announced that his widow would go there from Buckingham Palace. All spring she motored over three or four times a week, selecting her favorite pastel tints for the walls, and planning an English garden of wallflowers, verbena and lavender.

Palace Redecorated—When the King and his guests returned from Scotland last week he motored directly to Buckingham Palace for breakfast with his mother, then accompanied her to the new home. The Palace was already being renovated by decorators under Lady Mendl—the American-born Elsie de Wolfe—who also did Mrs. Simpson's London home.

Much of the gossip about the King's friendship seems to be inspired by the envious and spread by the sensation-loving. For the people in general, the bachelor monarch is an overworked man who passes his time receiving committees and foreign representatives, Cabinet Ministers and Privy Councilors. He rides to reviews in a sweltering busby. He pops up unexpectedly outside the poorest doors with a gentle, "May I come in?" He reads and signs an endless succession of State papers.

Certainly the average sporting Britisher, who adored Edward VII, bears no grudge against his grandson because of the American woman who brightens his leisure hours.

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BERMUDA BIRTHS: Governor Considers Control, Fears Tourist Bubble Might Burst

The sparkling coral beaches, lily-scented fields and white limestone roofs of Great Britain's Bermuda Islands yearly attract thousands of American vacationists. Gaily oblivious to the island government's problems, they find the absence of automobile traffic refreshing, rediscover the joy of riding in open victorias, and the art of pedaling a bicycle.

Ruled by a British Governor, Bermudians inhabit only twenty of the 360 islands which form the coral group, pursuing their daily work unruffled by great doings in the outside world.

Gentle Hint—Last week, however, they were gently warned by their new sixty-year-old Governor, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Reginald J. T. Hildyard, that the increasing likelihood of a war, or even an epidemic, might easily burst the profitable tourist bubble and leave them at the mercy of their skimpy home industry.

Hardly five months on the job, the robust, gray-mustached soldier, who finds relaxation in golfing and hunting, served notice on the 29,665 inhabitants, 17,862 of whom are Negroes, that he was considering the establishment of birth control clinics to check the rapid growth of the Negro population, which he deems a serious problem.

For years, this vexing issue has troubled the Government, which often found it necessary to get subsidies from the mother country whenever the tourist trade, chief source of income, fell sharply. To maintain the British Colonial tradition of financial independence, the Governor last week urged his people to work for a reserve and not to rely overly on tourists, who already have spurred an abnormal building boom.

Deadlock—Last year, the House of Assembly which, like the Executive Council, is appointed by the Crown to help govern the colony on the pattern of Britain's Parliament, deadlocked on a report advocating that information on birth control be disseminated among the people. Opposition cropped up among the Negro element, which dubbed the move unfair and discriminatory.

The report pointed out that in Bermuda's area of 19.3 square miles, the density of population represented 1,462 persons per square mile, as compared with 40.6 in the United States and 897 in China's most crowded Kiangsu Province. Since 1930, the whites have decreased from 15,725 to 11,807, while the Negroes increased from 16,415 to 17,862.

Against Autos—To maintain the picturesque, insular character of their islands, the people are dead set against introducing automobile traffic. Not even the Governor may ride in a motor-car, and only ambulances and fire-engines are gasoline-driven.

The islands enjoy a remarkably fertile soil, but depend entirely on rain-water for drinking and irrigation purposes. Agriculture flourishes and a brisk trade is carried on with the United States in the islands' famous onions, potatoes, beetroots, tomatoes and lily bulbs; while the abundant flower fields, especially the famous lily beds, have encouraged the manufacture of perfumery.

Shipwrecks—Discovered in the fifteenth century, the island group early became noted for shipwrecks among European navigators and writers, as judged by Shakespeare's allusion to the "still vexed Bermoothes" in his "Tempest." Its name is derived from Juan de Bermudez, who was shipwrecked on its reefs in 1915. Later it was rechristened Somers Island, after the British admiral whose galley foundered on its sandstone in 1609. But its first name persisted even when, three years later, Virginia settlers colonized it under British tutelage and imported slaves for plantation work, thus creating a serious population problem.

Meanwhile, the British Admiralty decided to turn it into a naval station for the North Atlantic and the West Indian Fleet, stationing a garrison of 2,500 men there. Last year, construction began on a modern port and trade center at St. George, and an air-base to link other Atlantic air-ports with Hamilton, the Capital, where Negroes and white folk speak English with an Oxford accent.

Bermuda Trade Development Board

Publishers Photo Service

Bermuda: whose security and horse-and-buggy quiet is threatened by overpopulation of Negroes

SUPERSPY MOVES: Head of Dreaded Russian Ogpu Quits Terrifying Prison Building

Russians, who used to pale and hold their breath, smiled last week as they passed the drab, six-story stone building at 2 Lubyanka Square, Moscow.

Henry H. Grigorevich Yagoda, smartly uniformed, shrewd, merciless chief of the old Ogpu, was moving out of the old web of wire-tapping secret service and direct telephone-wire lines linking with twenty-four cities his dread Room 101—which he has occupied for sixteen years—to another office in the Commissariat of Communications.

Nikolai Ivanovitch Yezhoff—100 per cent. "Stalin man," forty-one years old, a greenhorn in police work but "a man who knows how to smile"—was moving in.

Since 1920 when, as a veteran young Bolshevik, he became a member of the Praesidium of the Cheka (father of Ogpu), Yagoda has been Russia's No. 1 spy and traitor-hunter, chief of the Secret State Police, commander of 150,000 "Special Ogpu troops," czar of great convict labor camps in frozen north Russia, Turkestan, Siberia—head of a State within a State.

His night-raiders could arrest any one, could hold prisoners indefinitely without even charging them with a crime; they could, until two years ago, try secretly, condemn and execute within an hour.

Ubiquitous Spies—His spies and undercover men, so numerous that Muscovites whispered "when three Russians meet one of them is an agent of the Ogpu," were everywhere, loitering about cities and villages in disguise, traveling *incognito*, shadowing government officials and high-standing statesmen at home and abroad. Red-capped Ogpu agents patrolled the railways, while their green-capped comrades patrolled frontier-lines.

In the quadrangle of the great, grim office building stood the most fearsome structure of all Russia, once a private house with three stories above ground, now a death-house with four stories below, one of which reeks with the odor of blood.

Volleys crashing here, below the courtyard pavement, were never heard above. But all Russians knew that the third floor of the main building was the star chamber court, where secret trials were held and men were tried, sentenced and executed within an hour.

Below ground lie four stories, ingeniously constructed to house four classes of prisoners, with electric lights burning night and day:

(1) airy, barred rooms; (2) normal prison cells; (3) cork-padded, windowless, stuffy, with temperature always at 86 degrees Fahrenheit; (4) infernal, air and salty water rationed, glaring electric lights, temperature at 104 degrees.

Connecting Tunnels—Great subterranean tunnels, where 6,000 picked Ogpu soldiers are barracked, connected Lubyanka Prison with Stalin's Kremlin office.

Ogpu men receive five times the pay of Soviet soldiers, have their own shops where they may even buy luxuries denied the rest of their fellow subjects, for Yagoda could obtain as much money as he needed to run his office efficiently.

Ogpu's army, 50,000 strong, are the best paid, best equipped, best disciplined of

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Stalin's régime. Ogpu is formed of the initials of the Russian United State Political Police. It is a direct name for spawn of the Cheka, original Soviet secret police of 1918. Under the Czars the same organization was known as Okrana, whose personnel joined the Cheka, formed to "combat treason to the Revolution," under Felix Djerjinski—Polish poet and ascetic, who set aside passion and human pity and with holy zeal stamped out revolution and shot suspects by the score with or without trial.

Danger of civil war over, the Soviets reorganized the Cheka and rechristened it Ogpu. Last year the Commissariat for Internal Affairs (Narkomvnudel) nominally took over its functions. But actually it remained the same old Ogpu under iron-fisted Yagoda—second only to Stalin.

New Chief—Having recently granted Russians a "democratic Constitution," scheduled to go into effect in a few months, Stalin named a new chief of the Ogpu to symbolize his liberalizing policy. Comrade Yezhoff, powerful behind the scenes, is little known to the public, lacks police experience, but is liked by non-Bolsheviks and Party members alike. Close to Stalin, he is known as an efficient, honest, conscientious and humane Bolshevik.

When a mere stripling Yezhoff joined the Revolution of 1917, having worked in factories before then.

Now he is second in power to Stalin, Dictator No. 2.

Partly meant as a house-cleaning gesture, partly to pave the way for the smooth working of the announced Constitution, Dictator Stalin moved old-fashioned Yagoda into the Commissariat of Communications, whence he ousted tall, stoop-shouldered bearded Alexei Rykoff, once Premier and recently mentioned as suspect in the Zinovieff-Kameneff trial, but exonerated.

Simultaneously with this shifting of commissars comes a relaxation in membership requirements in the Communist Party, now estimated to number 3,000,000. Closed since 1932 to new members, it now admits non-members whose loyalty to Stalin and the Soviet have been carefully checked. By thus opening up the ranks, the Party plans to make up loss of members through death and expulsion during the various *chistakas* (purges). This Party shapes the destiny of 170,000,000 Soviet subjects.

FAR EAST CHESS: Chinese War-Lord and Japan Flare With Demands and Counterdemands

Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's new American plane was hours overdue at Nanking Field. Summoned from Canton to negotiate with smiling and increasingly impatient Japanese Ambassador Shigeru Kawagoe at his Capital, Chiang had taken off northward-bound.

To waiting staff officers at the edge of the dusty plain trotted a uniformed messenger. The Generalissimo had stopped at Kuling. Grinning, the officers walked to their quarters. Not yet was their wily chief ready to capitulate to his old diplomatic chess opponent Kawagoe.

Landing at the foot of Purple Mountain Chiang had had himself carried five miles up a winding path by lurching sedan-chair; was sitting it out on his broad bungalow veranda high above the steaming Yangtse.

Down in stifling Nanking Kawagoe read a document sent over by Chinese Foreign Minister Chang Chun, drew his breath hissing between his teeth, grinned, wired to Tokyo for the next move.

Defiant Reply—To Tokyo's stiff "Create an autonomous buffer State (subservient to Japan), of the five northern Provinces,"* Generalissimo Chiang had had the impudence to reply with a demand that the Japanese get out of Eastern Hopei, which they already hold as a midget buffer State.

To Japan's "we must have the right to station troops in Yangtse River ports and on Hainan Island," Chiang had countered with:

"Withdraw, immediately, all Japanese bluejackets rushed to Shanghai."

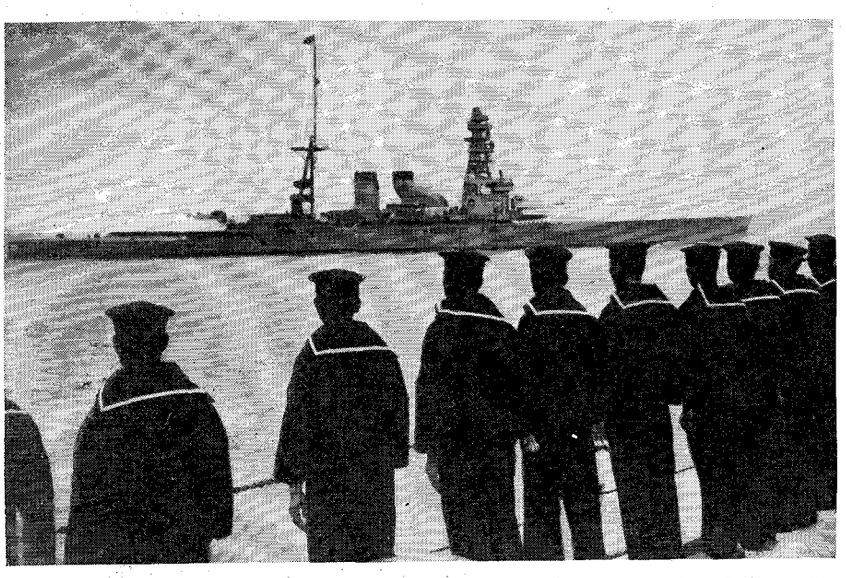
As counterblast to Nippon's insistence on censorship of Chinese schoolbooks, eliminating the many derogatory references to Japan, Chiang offered:

"Eliminate all Japanese sponsored organizations opposing Chinese authorities" (Chinese smuggler-gangs in Japanese pay).

And to Tokyo's exaction of "economic cooperation," meaning lowered tariffs, mining concessions, control of certain railways, right to conduct large agricultural projects, the Generalissimo had returned a curt:

"Withdraw immediately all Japanese troops sent to Fengtai, North China, two weeks ago."

*Chahar, Suiyan, Shantung, Shansi and Hopei.



Generalissimo Chiang: "Withdraw, immediately, all Japanese bluejackets rushed to Shanghai"

Oriental Game—Equally preposterous, demands and counterdemands were, every one in the Far East knew, preliminary to the Oriental practise of "bringing pressure to bear," *i.e.*, the opposite of a tug of war. Chiang, skilled by a lifetime of practise, was at the center.

Neither side could yield all without "losing face" equivalent to (but far more permanently damaging than) having one's clothes suddenly fall off in public. Neither side wishes war now, or it would have begun already. Each can yield a point at a time, save face; and each be victor, at the end. If war has to come, Japan, ready, will win.

Munitioned War-Lord—Money (from Shanghai bankers), planes (from the United States), tanks (from Germany), guns and ammunition from everywhere, Chiang possesses now in quantities greater than at any time since he became Generalissimo in 1927. Well-trained, well-equipped, German-officer-disciplined, are his personal troops.

But among the provincial war-lords, overawed, bribed, bluffed, cajoled to join him are many, he knows, ready to knife him at the first sign of weakness. Still the bulk of China's troops, ragged, ignorant, hungry, with the discipline of mobs, with no skill in the use of their outworn guns, with loyalty measured by the regularity of their rice rations and the villages they are allowed to loot, are utterly unfitted to meet the disciplined, mechanized experts from Nippon.

Still worse, the Vice-President of Chiang's own War Council, so-called Christian General Feng Yu-hsiang, up in the Northwest, is flirting with Soviet Russia.

"Back me against Chiang?" he suggests. "I, as Generalissimo, will throw China into your lap, not Japan's."

Tangled Diplomacy—Out of this tangle Chinese Chiang and Japanese Arita seek, without war if they can, with a small, carefully staged war if they must, to extract a bargain which will give Japan her minimum demands and still keep Chiang on top of the Chinese heap.

It is the ancient Far East game in five moves.

1. Impossible demands.
2. Flat rejection, counterdemands.
3. Pressure.
4. Behind-the-scenes bargaining.
5. Compromise.

Often the behind-the-scene bargaining is completed before the game begins.

HARVEST OF WAR: Italy Outlines Vast Colonization and Exploitation Program in Ethiopia

Last week, while sad-eyed Haile Selassie, one-time King of Kings and Conquering Lion of Judah, pondered the white man's diplomacy that had done him out of the last free African Empire, Mussolini set about the task of reaping the benefits of Victor Emmanuel III's Ethiopia.

Despite *Il Duce's* oft-repeated assurances to the Italian people, the job of pacifying ten million new black subjects, drawing fortunes in minerals and crops (see map) from a reluctant soil and happily

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settling Italy's 400,000 yearly surplus population in the conquered land gave no promise of being simple.

Months ago, when half a million Blackshirts had finally succeeded in chasing Ras Tafari into the unwilling lap of the League of Nations, 44,000,000 cheering, singing Italians at home thought it was all over but the shouting—which they joyfully supplied.

The Army, which knew better, tackled the hardest phase of the conquest with more zeal than gusto. Marshal Rodolfo Graziani, "the scourge of Tripolitania," named Viceroy of the new Empire, promised to have things in shape to receive 15,000,000 Italians within the decade. Thereupon, he addressed himself to the relatively more difficult task of preparing the children of the Queen of Sheba to welcome his countrymen with *vivas* instead of bowie-knives. Since spring, little has been heard about his success or failure in that direction.

Experts' Program—Not so in Rome, where functionaries who have never been south of Naples seem to think blue-prints will turn the trick. When plans for exploiting Ethiopia were submitted to these "experts," they promptly advised that Italian workmen be classified in five categories to extract its raw materials, settle its higher regions and turn it into an outlet for the Fatherland's industrial products. These categories were:

(1) Landless families who would be allotted farms; (2) peasants able to pay for such farms; (3) industrial workers to be controlled by the Ministry of Colonies; (4) natives, under Italian supervision, to labor on raw material production; and (5) highly developed native laborers, who would retain their land and work it with the help of Italian technical experts.

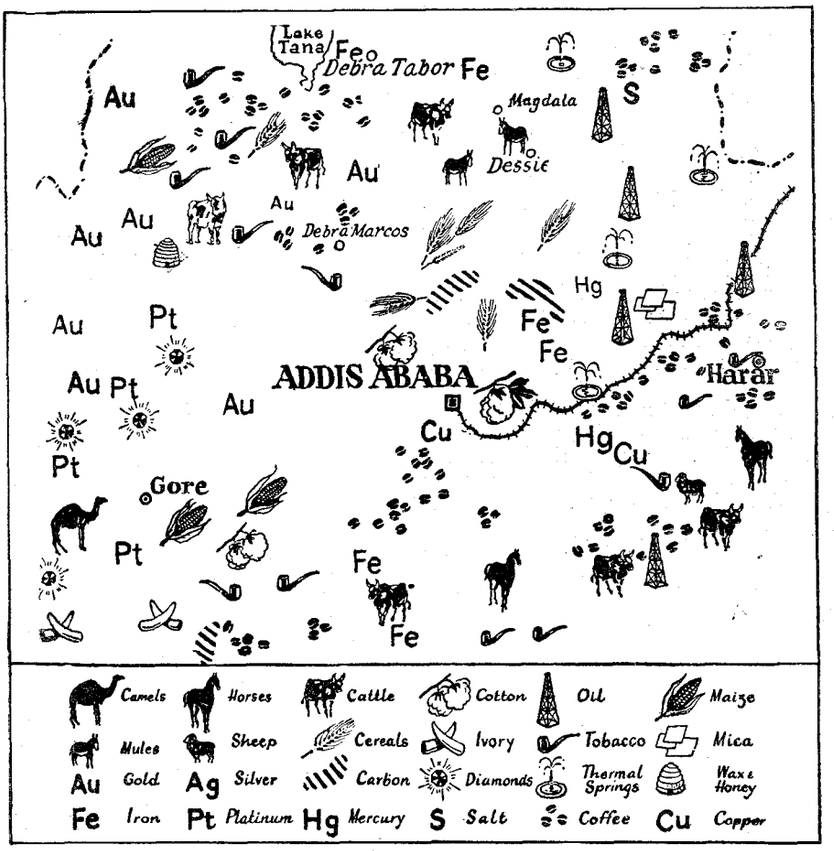
While veterans are to be favored, *Il Duce's* plan is to finance the exploitation work with funds drawn from Italian savings in insurance companies, thrift and people's banks, thus avoiding the entry of private capital and once more reminding his countrymen and the world that the conquest was made to enable them to expand.

Tho natives are to be encouraged and treated with color-blind justice, Fascist leaders decided that racial mixtures are to be avoided. Accordingly, the elementary schools are divided into two classes: those for the natives are to be run by male teachers, and agriculture and the crafts will form part of the curriculum; while schools for Europeans are to be under woman teachers.

Interfering Rain—According to Rome, only the torrential rains of the summer season prevented Marshal Badoglio from carrying out the methodical plans of turning Ethiopia into an earthly paradise for Italy's 400,000 yearly surplus population.

Rains notwithstanding, Addis Ababa was the first to go through a transformation from its former listless, slow-moving tempo to the quickened throb of a European metropolis, with all the color and clashing contrasts of an African town. Overnight almost, its stuffy, squalid cafés were blazoned with Italian signs and became modernized to receive swashbuckling officers, whose automobiles and motorcycles hourly slither past long lines of camels, mules and donkeys bearing the produce of the interior. Electric bulbs already light the narrow streets, and native children blithely sing Fascist hymns and strut about proudly in their new uniforms.

With dramatic suddenness, the haggling, long-winded tactics of native traders on the city's large international market-place were ended when the Viceroy ordered all transactions done through the Addis Ababa Institute for Exchange, while the Bank of Ethiopia was taken over as a new branch of the Bank of Italy. Gone also are the old Maria Theresa *thalers* for crisp Italian *lira* notes, which natives must henceforth use for currency.



News Chronicle (London)

Il Duce's dream of Eldorado . . . the wealth he hopes to derive from Ethiopia

Delayed by the rains, Addis Ababa's face-lifting is to be performed with European skill and native labor. Two wide, tree-shadowed boulevards are to link the old imperial *ghebis* (palaces) and the Cathedral of St. George with the Foreign Ministry buildings. At the crossroads there is to be a great square, around which will sprawl a European village.

Highway Building—Harar and Gondar, Capitals of the other administrative divisions, are to be likewise connected with other parts of the country by 1,800 miles of highway, while the air-plane service to Asmara is to be expanded. The Djibouti-Addis Ababa Railway, so far the only means of transportation through French Somaliland, is to be improved, and branches from it will be extended for the carrying of vegetables, fruits, cereals and raw materials from the interior.

The most grandiose project is that which would transform the torrid Danakil region of Eritrea and northeastern Ethiopia into a salt lake, linked with the Red Sea by a huge canal. At a cost of 10,000,000 *lire*, the lake is calculated to modify the climate to that of Red Sea temperature, allay the blinding dust-storms and provide hydro-electric energy for future industry. Before beginning this work, Marshal Badoglio's engineers will conduct a prospecting expedition to determine whether such mineral veins as coal, silver, copper and gold lie within that area.

While the administration of the country is placed directly under five Governors, the freedom of worship is guaranteed and justice is carried on through native magistrates. The Coptic Church is recognized, and even some of its dioceses have been financed; while the Moslem population, centering around Harar, Danakil and the Somali region, is likewise protected and allowed trial before native magistrates, with the right of appeal to Italian judges.

War Finance—While Italian hopes are high that Ethiopia will prove an *Eldorado*, C. S. J. Collier, for many years Governor of the Bank of Ethiopia, finds that it "will be generations before the cost of the war can be covered and before Ethiopia can be a sound economic proposition to Italy. . . . If Signor Mussolini attempts to rule Ethiopians as he rules Italians, there will be trouble in his new colony."

Reflecting Fascist hopes, the *Giornale d'Italia* says: "First in the colonization of Ethiopia is the commercial effort, and the first problem deals with the marketing of Italian products in Ethiopia and the gathering of Ethiopian products for consumption in Italy, or for Italy's foreign trade."

"Gold is abundant," writes Mario Appelius in *L'Illustrazione Italiana*. "Almost all of north Ethiopia has gold. . . . Another metal whose existence in western Ethiopia is sure is platinum." He also enumerates mercury and iron as abundant, and dwells on the large coffee crops, wild tamarind, tobacco, cotton, beeswax, bananas and other tropical products which grow all over the country. Italy will eventually improve cotton production there, he says, to the extent of making her independent of other cotton-producing nations.

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Parade

To care for tearful pleas from single women in search of husbands, **Paul W. Gordon,** Chief of the Alaskan Division of the Department of the Interior, has become the first lonely-hearts official in the Government. Following publication of stories that two-thirds of the men in Alaska were bachelors and that in Nevada the ratio was one-and-a-half men to every woman, his office was flooded with requests for addresses.

During the past month, hundreds of letters have reached Washington desiring information as to how these single men can be located, and if Government funds are available for transportation to the ladyless deserts.

"I am a lonely widow in my early thirties and not so bad looking," wrote one correspondent. "I have golden brown hair, brown eyes, real fair skin and am five feet, six inches tall and weigh 155 pounds. I am very lonesome and longing for a true-blue mate to make a home with. Will you please write and give me full information as to how I can get in touch with these men? I am very honest and sincere in this matter. P.S.—I prefer mostly addresses in Nevada, but would like to have Alaska addresses as well."

Gordon has answered all the letters, telling the writers that the Government is unable to operate either a matrimonial agency or a correspondence bureau for lonely hearts. He further advises that the women go to Alaska and get jobs—but that Washington can be of no assistance.

* * *

"I haven't the faintest idea what the movies will do with my latest book, 'The Enchanted Voyage,'" sighed **Robert Nathan,** writer. "I was told that **Shirley Temple** would be the star, but the author is always the last person to know what's going on."

* * *

"Devaluation of the franc and the creation of the Court of Wisdom at Harvard may have been the events which the pyramids foretold for September 16, 1936," declared **Henry James Forman,** author of "The Story of Prophecy." "It seems to me that believers in pyramid prophecy should be given their due."

* * *

Comely **Mrs. Mabel Burress,** thirty-year-old widow of Vincennes, Indiana, won damages of $117 for "mental anguish" suffered two years ago by her three-gaited horse. The animal had shied at a truck and became morose after the incident. Mrs. Burress was always careful of her steed, keeping him in a forty-cow dairy barn which had hot and cold running water, an insulated roof, and violet sun-ray lamps in the rafters. She has since sold the horse, now rides in a sporty little roadster.

* * *

"I had to consider how much Hollywood would pay for the publicity value of my title," commented the **Earl of Warwick** in confirming his $1,000-a-week contract to act in the movies. "Naturally I asked for a figure above that of my estimated acting value." Altho his title will not be used, he has allowed film officials a free hand in renaming him.

Pictures, Inc.

Eleanor Holm Jarrett, the champagne girl (center) . . . to do her own kicking now

Abandoning swimming for the winter, **Mrs. Eleanor Holm Jarrett** has taken to the stage with a vengeance. Successful in appearances with her band-leader husband, **Art Jarrett,** she was in Philadelphia last week rehearsing a new high-kicking act. Whether her high kicks equal her backstrokes remains to be seen. Meanwhile, Hollywood scouts have showed new interest in her as a screen potentiality.

* * *

Stating he felt "solemncholy," the **Rev. Jim Tom Buck,** self-ordained Negro minister of Kinston, North Carolina, celebrated the Christmas season in the last days of September. To his small, scattered congregation in Pocosin County, he has long preached that calendar-makers erred when they put Christmas in December. His flock, however, in the midst of tobacco-curing and cotton-picking, could not feel the right spirit. With the possums "wummy," turkeys scrawny, no holly berries and no snow on the ground, they decided to wait a few months, after all.

* * *

"I am through playing romantic parts," declared **Leslie Howard,** actor. "I am forty-one. I am too old to play the rôle of the romantic juvenile lover. So the parts I play must change. . . . Furthermore, women are still a complete mystery to me."

* * *

William Horlick, ninety, died at his home in Racine, Wisconsin. Creator of malted milk, he was noted as a philanthropist, fireside explorer, friend of nobility and workmen alike. For many years it was his custom to serve malted milk to factory workers in the afternoons. Once he passed a workman in a trench.

"Well, Pat," he asked, "have you had a drink to-day?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Horlick," replied the worker. "Not one drop have I had since last night."

"I meant malted milk," smiled the manufacturer.

"Thank you kindly, sir," answered Pat. "I will, if you haven't something a wee bit stronger."

"I've had tough luck in business and I need money for the kids' education," said forty-two-year-old **Ernest ("Brownie") Biegazski,** of Buffalo, New York. Having secured a sausage manufacturer as sponsor, he is going to cross the Atlantic in a barrel, made of three-inch quartered oak, nine feet long and six feet eight inches high and wide. The only motive power will be a square sail. Hoping to "ride" the Gulf Stream, the 160-pound erstwhile cigar and candy clerk plans to tour Europe, exhibiting his craft. "The public thinks I'm goofy, and I think the public's goofy. It's just a contest to find out who's right." For recreation, Biegazski plans to tie a rope around himself and go swimming off the barrel. "But," he added, "most of the time I'll be writing the story of my trip."

* * *

Announcing an International League of Hoboes, Cincinnati's king of the road, **Jeff Davis,** said European applications for membership were pouring in. "Are we growing? Why, say! A whole 200,000 will become affiliated with us in England, and 60,000 in Canada."

* * *

Miss Harriet Monroe, founder and Editor of *Poetry,* died in Peru at seventy-five. For the present, the twenty-five-year-old publication devoted to verse will continue, with **Morton D. Zabel** as editor.

* * *

Sir George Broadbridge was chosen Lord Mayor of London for the Coronation year. During the ceremonies next year, he will have the important duties of walking on the left of the Garter King of Arms in the procession, wearing his robe, collar and jewel and carrying the crystal scepter, said to date from Saxon times and used only at coronations.

* * *

"The trouble here is that people are trod on like they've been in Europe," declared **Jack Dempsey,** preparing to stump for the Democratic platform. "What the hell is the cause of the trouble there? The moneyed people. The rich taking everything away from the poor."

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MENACE OF WANDERING TUBERCULARS

They Endanger Lives by Futile Search for Cure in West

The Committee on Transient and Homeless, a philanthropic group, last week conferred with the National Tuberculosis Association in New York, laying plans to ask Congress for aid. Wandering tubercular have become a first-magnitude problem in the Southwest, where tradition says the climate has curative power.

Meanwhile, word is being sent out by Dr. Kendall Emerson, Managing Director of the National Tuberculosis Association, warning tuberculosis victims against pulling up stakes and moving west. Tuberculosis can be treated adequately almost anywhere, he says. The chief requisites are rest, medical care and proper diet.

As for the miraculous curative power of Western climate—it is mostly myth. The place for a tuberculosis patient, says Doctor Emerson, is not bumming around with the 5,000 homeless men and women seeking health in the dry States, but resting in one of the country's 90,000 hospital beds reserved for the tubercular.

Fall and Rise—In 1920, 200 persons in every 100,000 of the country's population were dying of tuberculosis. Educational campaigns, financed for the most part by the sale of Christmas Seals, and better treatment for the ill, cut that rate to fifty-five per 100,000.

But to-day, in the country's healthiest States, officials watch the tuberculosis rates with new fear, anticipating a rise. On the outskirts of many cities in New Mexico, Arizona, Oklahoma and Colorado are wretched camps of tuberculosis victims. Many are not aware that they have the disease. Others, in the last stages, move forlornly from place to place, sometimes accompanied by ragged, undernourished families. Healthy children play with them, contracting the infection. Kindly folk sometimes invite them in.

Appeal for Help—Last spring, the National Tuberculosis Association appealed futilely to the Federal Government to allot funds for the care of the unfortunates. Temporarily, about 800 were housed in transient camps supported by Government money. But by October 1, the money was used up; no more was forthcoming.

Doctor Emerson explained at the joint meeting of his Association and the Transient Committee that Congress probably will be asked to continue the camps and build additional ones. He also will urge that money be appropriated to enable the United States Public Health Service to set up X-ray stations to examine the lungs of every vagrant, sick or well.

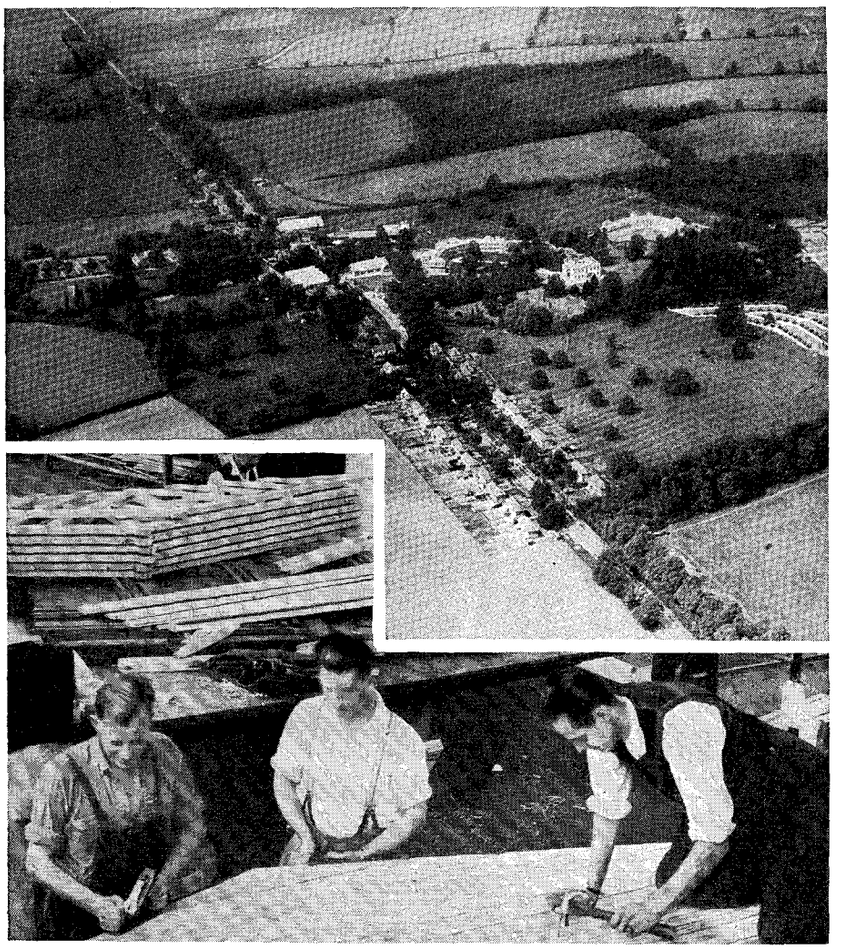
New Mexico's vigorous Health Commissioner, Dr. J. Rosslyn Earp, too, has a plan for the care of transients. A former tuberculosis victim himself, he turned to his native England for a solution.

Self-Supporting Colony—There, at Papworth, near Cambridge, a permanent and self-supporting colony of tuberculars live full and happy lives. The colony has been in operation since 1918, making its own way with occasional financial help from its founder, Sir Pendrill Varrier-Jones. More than 1,000 persons live at Papworth, including the tuberculars and their families.

The families, and the patients who have recovered enough to work, operate the industries, producing goods for the members and a surplus for cash sale. The industries include carpentry, building, cabinet-making, trunk and suitcase manufacturing, upholstering, printing, shoe-repairing and poultry-farming.

Last year, the colony sold more than $530,000 worth of products, had a deficit of $60,000. The shops are being enlarged to permit a larger output of goods.

Colonies like Papworth would solve the tuberculosis transient problem in this country, thinks Doctor Earp. Also, they would aid many "arrested" cases of tuberculosis —those who have been partly cured but are unable to work strenuously enough to make their own way in the world. Estimates place the number of these at 1,000,000.



Aerial view of Papworth Village Settlement, England . . . patients work at carpentry to contribute to this self-supporting tubercular colony

EYE AND EAR: Specialists Discuss New Treatment for Sinus Disease and Glaucoma

In the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore in Florence, Italy, lies buried Salvina d'Amarto degli Armati, who died in 1317; whose epitaph, now vanished, ascribed to him the invention of spectacles.

Last week, New York welcomed the American Academy of Ophthalmology and Otolaryngology, proud practitioners of medical specialties that grew out of that invention 600 years ago.

First of the medical specialties was ophthalmology: treatment of the eyes. Ancient Egyptians practised it, even to operating for cataract. With the invention of spectacles, it gradually became a science.

Almost as old is otolaryngology, which, despite its seven syllables, names only two-thirds of its subject. Otolaryngologists are specialists in treatment of ear, nose and throat, offshoots of the original science.

Severe Examinations—Many an American doctor is both ophthalmologist and otolaryngologist; a good many have hung out shingles as specialists in eye, ear, nose and throat without taking adequate training in these specialties. Not so the 2,500 members of the American Academy, who have all had postgraduate education, passed stiff examinations, and display certificates testifying thereto.

Dr. Frank E. Burch, President of the Academy, announced that by 1938 new and more rigid requirements would be in force.

All this is for the further protection of American eyes, ears, noses and throats. The strain of modern living, universal education and the wide-spread reading habit

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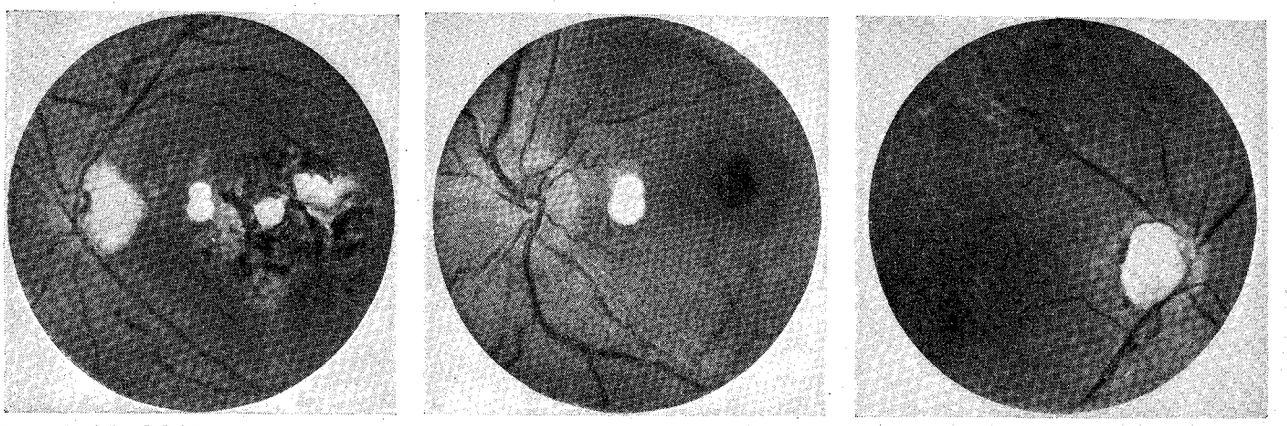

Courtesy Dr. Arthur J. Bedell

Revealing eyes: Tuberculosis of retina and choroid (left), high blood pressure (center), chronic Bright's disease

have put a heavy burden on eyes; about twenty-five persons in every hundred have eye trouble of some kind.

Among diseases affecting ear, nose and throat, a troublesome, perhaps growing, menace is sinus trouble. There are eight sinuses: hollow bony spaces that give resonance to the voice, lightness to the skull. All communicate with the nose. When infection enters, they become inflamed; sometimes the inflammation is chronic. It produces a dragging, distracting pain.

Pain-Paths Traced—At last week's meeting, Dr. Olof Larsell and Dr. Ralph A. Fenton, of Portland, Oregon, reported how researches on animals revealed the pain-paths of sinus infection; showed how it can cause stiff neck, muscle soreness and bronchitis.

Following the course of a penetrating dye, analogous to bacterial infection, they found that even when the throat is protected, sinus infection can follow the lymph channel through the back of the neck to the right side of the heart, enter the blood-stream, be pumped to the lungs, and from there infect the bronchial tubes.

One of the most effective drugs for relief of sinus infection and clogged nasal membranes is ephedrin, the essence of an ancient Chinese evergreen compound, rediscovered a few years ago by a Chinese researcher working in America, Dr. Ko Kuei Chen, of the Eli Lilly Laboratories, Indianapolis, Indiana. Doctors Larsell and Fenton reported that Doctor Chen is now developing some promising related compounds, which may be even more effective.

Glaucoma—Among eye diseases, one of the most dreaded is glaucoma, "hardening of the eye," which causes about a fourth of the blindness occurring in later life. Fluids gather in the eye under great pressure, seem unable to escape. The pressure distorts the organ, squeezes the nerve, finally destroys vision. The cause is unknown.

Dr. Otto Barkan, of San Francisco, described a new operation to relieve it. Operations of the past provided an artificial drain-hole to carry off the excess fluid. Doctor Barkan, with the aid of special magnifying equipment, reopens the natural drain, a collection of tiny vessels known as the "canal of Schlemm," which he believes become clogged with small, pigmented granules from the iris.

An Italian physician, De Vincentiis, performed the same operation in 1892, but had no way of watching his knife in action. Doctor Barkan's optical apparatus enables him to see every move as he slides a small, thin knife in from the side of the eye, slits a portion of the drainage canal.

Dr. Arthur J. Bedell, of Albany, New York, showed photographs of the retina of the eye, taken with a special camera. The retina is to the eye what the film is to a camera: the sensitive membrane where the optical image is formed.

Eye-Prints—Near its center is the round nerve-head, the size of a small pea, from which go radiating blood-vessels across the reddish membrane. Doctor Bedell's photographs, in color, resemble astronomical snap-shots of the canals of Mars, or streaked drawings of the mountains of the moon. No two eyes in the world are exactly alike; the patterns can be used as successfully as finger-prints for identification.

But more to the point, Doctor Bedell has discovered that his photographs reveal health or disease, not only of the eye, but of the whole body. Engorged blood-vessels, patches of color, subtle configurations reveal to the skilled physician such maladies as high blood-pressure, diabetes and hardening of the arteries, before other symptoms announce them.

MAN AND MAMMOTH:

American Hunters Killed the Shaggy Beasts Around 8000 B.C.

Last week from Philadelphia came the story of a hunt that took place when ice still filled the basins of the Great Lakes a mile deep, and America was covered with Siberia-like tundra as far south as New Mexico.

In a marshy spot, a great, shaggy, elephantine beast bogged down, was set upon by hunters.

They slashed at it with stone-pointed javelins, jabbed it with bone-barbed daggers. When it died, they flayed it, took the meat, left its useless skeleton in the mud. Flood-waters presently covered it. Yards of silt piled on top.

A Find—Last summer, Dr. Edgar B. Howard, paleontologist of the Academy of Natural Science, Philadelphia, dug into a likely fossil site near Blackwater Draw, between Portales and Clovis, New Mexico. He came upon a find that rewarded him for eight years of excavation.

Partly exposed by erosion lay the skeleton of the giant beast. Under a vertebra rested a stone javelin-point of the prehistoric hunters, sharp as new after thousands of years in the soil. Under the shoulder-blade was another; a third stood perkily between the forelimbs. At the base of a tusk were javelin-points made of bone, and a stone scraper such as might have been used for fleshing the hide.

The skeleton was that of a mammoth elephant, an ice age brute bigger than modern elephants. Its kind once roamed all the continents of the Northern Hemisphere, reveling in wintry weather that lasted possibly a million years.

Hunted in Europe—Twenty thousand years ago, paleolithic Europeans were hunting the mammoth in France, and left sharply etched pictures of the humped, curly-tusked, hairy creatures scratched on the inner walls of French caves.

Retreating northward with the ice, the mammoths of Europe and Asia made a last stand in Siberia. Countless numbers bogged down in the soft, icy marshes, were frozen in the unthawing soil. They are occasionally discovered now, perfectly preserved for more than 10,000 years in nature's refrigerator; the hide, hair, flesh, even the remains of undigested meals in their stomachs; handfuls of moss, grass, sedges and wild thyme unchewed in their mouths. Siberian farmers cut off chunks of the red flesh to feed their dogs.

From ancient times, a brisk trade in Siberian ivory has supplied Chinese and European merchants. In the tundras, hunters dig the tusks, ripping them from skulls of prehistoric beasts. In old times, they called the nameless creatures *mamantu,* meaning, "of earth."

Skeletons in America—No preserved bodies or commercial ivory have been discovered in North America, but for many years the skeletons of mammoths have been unearthed in the Southwest. Archeologists until recently dared not believe that man had been on this continent long enough to hunt these beasts.

Last week, when Doctor Howard announced his find, even the bitterest skeptic could no longer doubt the antiquity of man in America.

The stone points Doctor Howard found were the handiwork of Folsom Men, whose weapons were first discovered in 1927, in a gully near Folsom, New Mexico. The date of that prehistoric hunt, fixed by the aid of geological and climatological studies, was between 10,000 and 15,000 years ago.

"Tentatively, about 8000 B.C.," calculated conservative Doctor Howard.

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A FORTUNE IN A FOUR-INCH CIRCLE

America Gets Younger Holbein's Self-Immortalizing Portrait

A circle of painted wood, just over four inches in diameter, arrived in this country last week aboard the *Queen Mary*. Customs officials, after examination, admitted it duty-free, the privilege they accord to all works of art.

Tho the owner paid no import tax, his treasure had cost him a fortune—well over $100,000, the last recorded sales price. The painting, a self-portrait of Hans Holbein, the Younger, is said to be the most valuable picture, for its size, in existence.

In exchange for a small fortune, Abris Silberman, New York art dealer, became the first person other than descendants of the painter's family to possess the picture. Also to him goes the honor of bringing it to America to join fourteen other masterpieces from the brush of the sixteenth-century painter.

Persistent Bidder—Silberman's three-year attempt to purchase the gem is an exciting saga of success. In 1929, it was sold by a direct descendant of Holbein to another branch of the family—in Basle, Switzerland—for $100,000. Four years later, that purchaser was forced to sell the treasure, along with other valuable paintings from his private collection, because of financial embarrassment.

The New York dealer first saw the tiny painting in 1933, in Basle, and set himself to the task of purchasing it. Many times when he thought it was within his reach it remained elusive: either the family changed its mind, changed the price, or the money on which Silberman depended was not forthcoming.

Last summer, when the final negotiations were all but completed, a representative of an English museum almost upset the apple-cart with a last-minute bid that exceeded the American's price.

But with tactics that would do credit to a minister of state, Silberman closed the deal in a rush.

Definite is the new owner about the immediate future of the painting: he wants it to remain in America. But whether he purchased it as an investment of his own, whether he was commissioned to buy it for a private collector, or whether it was bought for an American museum, Silberman refuses to divulge. He also maintains an equally coy silence about the actual purchase price.

This, however, he will admit with no reluctance: the small painting is one of the most valuable of all the 150-odd Holbeins in the world, and by far the most valuable in this country.

Immortalizing Self—A master of portraiture, Holbein succeeded in immortalizing his own image within the tiny circle, and giving it the impression of a life-size portrait. So perfect was his painting magic that, tho the whole face can be obscured by placing the palm of a hand over it, it creates an optical illusion, and seems to grow larger as one studies it.

The little painting was evidently executed for a family keepsake, and by coincidence was painted the year before the artist died. In gold it bears his initials, the year it was painted, 1542, and his age, forty-five. The picture, against a dark-blue background, portrays Holbein almost entirely full-face, turned very slightly to the viewer's left. He wears a black cap and jacket, open at the throat, with a white, lace-edged shirt.

Painted from his mirrored reflection, it shows him pink-cheeked, clear-eyed, and with a sturdy chin covered by short, dark whiskers.

Non-Miniature—Small tho the painting is, it is definitely not a miniature in the true conception of the word, because it is an oil, whereas true miniatures are painted in wash- or water-colors. It is also the only self-portrait in oil that the artist was known to paint, which makes it extremely important from an historical as well as artistic point of view. In an excellent state of repair, it was authenticated and cleaned under the supervision of Dr. Paul Ganz, of Basle, the world authority on Holbein, who regards it as one of the finest examples of the artist's talent.

Born in Augsburg, Germany, five years after Columbus discovered America, Holbein was the son of a family of poor but great painters whose genius was not recognized while they lived. He spent most of his early life in Switzerland and in 1526 traveled to London, where he painted members of the English court. Among his friends he counted John Cromwell, who introduced him to Henry VIII, and Thomas More.

Portrayer of Cromwell—The young artist painted Cromwell and the famous portrait of Anne of Cleves for England's much-married monarch. He was at work on a portrait of the King, when a plague terminated his career.

The unfinished portrait has been in Warwick Castle for centuries, and is owned by the present Earl of Warwick, who this week arrived in the United States to start a movie career in Hollywood.

Holbein abandoned the medieval practise of painting contemporary subjects in religious settings. He preferred depicting his celebrated subjects in every-day dress and settings, rather than plunking them in the middle of the twelve Apostles, as was the customary habit of his fellow painters. His own portrait was painted about ten years after he adopted this method.

Self-portrait by Holbein, the Younger: world's greatest art in smallest space

To-day, the little masterpiece reposes, locked for double security, inside two small chests in Silberman's office. Despite locks and keys, the owner has no fear of its being stolen—altho he has insured it against theft.

The painting is too well known to be stolen for its monetary value. And Silberman thinks there is little chance of any one falling so madly in love with it that he would steal it under the spell of artistic exuberation.

NEW BOOKS: Love in the Soviet Under the Five-Year Plan; Thumbing the Books

Moscow Skies. By Maurice Hindus. 698 pp. (New York: Random House; $2.75.)

Russian novels by Americans are precious few. Maurice Hindus is one of the small group qualified to write of the Soviet scene, and in "Moscow Skies" he has turned his hand to a novel of a trying period—the days of 1929 when the Five-Year Plan was launched. At no point is he concerned with the abstracts of the Plan but rather with the people who lived through those days. And he has portrayed the people with unusual fidelity.

A Love Plot—The story, in spite of formidable Russian names, is simple. To the Soviet Union in 1929 goes *Bernard Blackman*, American, to report as impartially as he can the remodeling of society. He finds the Russians a fantastic, open-hearted people, and the Muscovites accept him readily as an American to be marveled at.

Blackman watches the daily life of the people and sees that even under a Soviet Government the love affair of the daughter of a voteless *kulak* is not guaranteed to go smoothly. As he watches he himself becomes a part of the scene, for he falls in love. His romance ends less satisfactorily than the one he observes because he discovers that marriage between two such different persons as he and his wife can not succeed.

Communists at Home—This story is full of characters at once new and delightful to the American reader. The author has been successful in creating, perhaps for the first time on record, the feel of life as it is lived in Moscow, hub of a gigantic experiment. He shows mothers getting children ready for school, the problem of shopping, the friendly snooping of neighbors.

It is only when *Bernard Blackman* and his Russian wife try to live in Paris that the reader loses the Hindus vigor. The story becomes vague and frustrated as the author narrows his focus to the love affair of *Blackman* and his wife. The joyousness is gone; instead there is a triangle of a man, woman and principle. *Bernard*, a shadowy figure, leaps into prominence but is not colorful enough to fill the stage.

A sympathizer to the scene, yet apart from it, *Blackman* is reminiscent of the Vincent Sheean of "Personal History." Like Sheean he falls in love with a Russian, and his romance ends tragically. Sheean's was terminated by death, while *Blackman's*

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Maurice Hindus depicts life in Moscow

ended because there was a world between the two lovers.

Hindus's Background—But whatever drawbacks the hero's romance may offer, they are outweighed by Hindus's pictures of Russians under the Five-Year Plan. The author knows whereof he speaks, for he has done more than any other reporter, except Duranty, in covering the news of the social upheaval in Russia.

Graduate of Colgate and Harvard, Mr. Hindus has made annual trips to the Soviet Union for many years. As the result of his observations, he wrote "Broken Earth," "Red Bread" and other books which have placed him foremost among impartial reporters of the Russian Revolution. "Moscow Skies" comes as his first novel, result of three years' effort well spent.

Critical Opinions—KENT KNOWLTON IN THE LOWELL (MASS.) COURIER-CITIZEN: *"One of course has to take on trust the accuracy of this portrayal of Soviet Russia. It can at least be said that it is not propaganda either for or against the system. The treatment of the great experiment is sympathetic, yet there is no disguising Mr. Hindus's regret at the subordination of human values to the all-demanding interest of the State."*

GERALD GOULD IN THE LONDON SUNDAY OBSERVER: *"As a social document, this is history of the past. But to one reader at least it has posed the question: 'Will you ever be able to understand?' and answered it with the comforting thought: 'Well, at least you understand more than you ever did before.'"*

LEONID I. STRAKHOVSKY IN THE WASHINGTON POST: *"Frankly, the reviewer is disappointed. After having read 'Broken Earth' and 'Humanity Uprooted' he expected more from the author. But it is obvious to him now that Maurice Hindus is not a novelist and should confine himself to writing about what he sees in life and not what he imagines."*

Thumbing the Books

Young Love—"Bird Alone." By Sean O'Faolain. (Viking; $2.50.) A novel of young love and life in the days of Parnell, with some of the most beautiful prose of the season.

Spanish Revolt—"Seven Red Sundays." By Ramon J. Sender. (Liveright; $2.50.) Chaotic novel about a revolutionary outbreak in Madrid.

Working Girls—"Ladies of the Press." By Ishbel Ross. (Harper; $3.75.) A breezy history of newspaper women, ablaze with anecdotes.

Family Strife—"Whiteoak Harvest." By Mazo de la Roche. (Little, Brown; $2.50.) More about *Jalna,* covering 1934-'35, and up to the high tone of this lengthening series of novels.

Success Story—"Of Lena Geyer." By Marcia Davenport. (Scribner; $2.75.) How the daughter of a scrub-woman sang her fictional way to international fame.

Sailors—"John Dawn." By Robert P. Tristram Coffin. (Macmillan; $2.50.) Four generations of *Dawns,* clipper family of Maine, in a roaring novel of lumpy seas and resolute seamanship.

Frisco's Past—"San Francisco's Chinatown." By Charles Caldwell Dobie; illustrated by E. H. Suydam. (Appleton-Century; $5.) The record of a picturesque quarter once known in every port in the world.

Politics—"Let Freedom Ring." By Hilda Phelps Hammond. (Farrar and Rinehart; $2.50.) How the Louisiana women fought the late Huey Long.

Murders—"A Puzzle for Fools." By Patrick Quentin. (Simon & Schuster; $2.) Murder in a madhouse.

"The Case of the Missing Corpse." By Joan Sanger. (Lee Furman; $2.) Murder in Havana. Almost guess-proof.

"The Case of the Stuttering Bishop." By Erle Stanley Gardner. (Morrow; $2.) *Perry Mason* on the job again.

WO 9-1939: New Yorkers Look Forward to Phoning Fair as Shovels Dig to Make Park

Perhaps the greatest "face-lifting" job ever attempted is being carried out with amazing success in New York City.

The "face" in question is a 1,216-acre patch in Flushing Meadows, in the Borough of Queens, Long Island. The "beauticians" are among America's foremost architects and landscape designers. Their job is to create a beautiful site for New York World's Fair 1939, Inc., out of a sprawling expanse of marsh-land and mosquito-breeding pools, studded with eighty-foot piles of ashes, tin cans and last year's automobile fenders.

Statistics—Actually doing the work are 324 men with six steam-shovels, four dragline shovels (for swamps), thirty-eight heavy trucks, twenty tractors with bottom-dumper trailers each holding thirteen cubic yards of earth, eight special trucks for wet excavation and thirteen bulldozers for grading. Their job is to get through by next April.

Split into three shifts, under three Park Department engineers, these 324 Trojans toil night and day excavating and spreading 6,000,000 cubic yards of ashes to make rolling park-lands, and scooping out 1,000,000 cubic yards of meadow-mat to form two lagoons. Were those 6,000,000 cubic yards of ashes concrete, they would be sufficient to pave a broad four-lane highway stretching from New York to Daytona Beach, Florida, 1,100 miles. Those 1,000,000 cubic yards of meadow-mat, when dug out, would leave room for a trench thirty feet deep, ninety feet wide and one and one-third miles long.

Paradoxically, more is accomplished at night than in the daytime. Twelve seventy-five-foot steel towers, each capped with a battery of a dozen floodlights, make it possible to read a newspaper anywhere on the site. Dark brown ashes, ground into a substance hardly distinguishable from earth, are gulped in great clods by the ponderous shovels. Ashes swirl like dust-clouds from heaps piled onto the fleet of trucks. There is no cessation in the rise and dip of the mammoth shovels as they bite into the ash-piles.

Junkmen's Paradise—Junkmen cart away $10 worth of scrap-iron daily by delving into the churned-up ash-heaps. A 200-pound live turtle pulled in its neck before the keen shovel-edge could decapitate it. One small boy picked up a crusty, battered wallet with $1,000 in pre-Roosevelt currency, and a fire which had been smoldering in an ash-heap deposited twenty-two years ago was uncovered.

As this issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST appears on news-stands, 3,000,000 cubic yards of material will have been excavated and the contractors, three weeks ahead of schedule, will breathe more easily, knowing that they won't have to pay $2,000 for every day work is unfinished after April 1.

They know they must hustle to keep up with the World's Fair Board of Design. In their "sky workshop" in the Empire State Building's eightieth-floor tower, seven top-flight architects and designers, with two advisers and assisted by thirty draftsmen and renderers, sculptors and model-makers, are translating "The Fair of To-day and To-morrow" into glass, stone and steel. From the drafting-room on the north side, where the light is steadiest, the designers have an eagle's-eye view of the metropolitan area, while almost at their feet lies Bryant Park, site of the 1853 world's fair, the Crystal Palace.

Glass Houses—It is proposed to reproduce the original Crystal Palace, which cost $500,000. Its reconstruction would be a modernized version following the same general lines, but executed as it might have been had the exhibitors of the last century been in possession of the scientific knowledge and artistic conceptions of this era. It would take 40,000 square feet of glass and 1,250 tons of iron for the job.

Glass will play an important part in the Fair's construction. New York City's exhibits will be displayed in a two-story temple of steel and glass which will become a gymnasium after the Fair's site reverts to the City to become the permanent Flushing Meadow Park. Another asset will be a permanent yacht-basin in Flushing Bay, already being dredged and landscaped, the State paying $290,000 for the task.

From ocean-liner moored in the Bay, from motor-car, railroad, subway and cycle, crowds will flow into a landscaped city with intramural transport to whisk pedestrians from one of 300 to 400 buildings to another. Boulevards like miniature Broadways will run between air-conditioned, stream-lined buildings so that rickshaws, wheel-chairs and underslung buses may pass and repass without hindrance. Broad waterways will run from the Bay to Meadow Lake, 4,200 feet long and from 500 to 1,600 feet wide, and Arboretum Lake, 1,700 feet long and 800

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feet wide at the broadest expanse of its turquoise-like oval. There, in the heart of the grounds, will be gondolas and song.

Tho the plans of the Board of Design will not be announced until mid-October, when a $20,000,000 bond-issue will be floated, it already is known that one product of the "idea department" will be a floating amphitheater set in one of the lagoons.

Costing $1,500,000, this structure would revolve around a stage, where a symphony orchestra would play to an audience of 15,000, with seats built into the sloping roof of the building, looking out on the stage set in the lagoon. There also would be a promenade around the amphitheater and indoor auditorium and exhibit-halls.

Health Displays—Another featured building, which also will be permanent, will be a health center and museum of health and hygiene, patterned after Germany's model museum at Dresden, Saxony. There will be a model health village with motion-pictures and permanent exhibitions.

All these structures must fit in with the Board of Design's architectural conception, which is a complete breakaway from the usual Manhattan or American scene. Tho there is a bitter controversy among rival schools of modernist architecture, the keynote has come down from the offices of Grover A. Whalen, debonair President of the growing Fair corporation occupying four floors of the Empire State Building, that quality and dignity are to characterize all buildings, thus definitely ruling out exaggeration and freakishness.

Prize Offered—Just how far it will be possible to go in for massively monumental formality will not be known until the Board's report has been studied, but all buildings will be strictly controlled to insure harmony of design and color. To give young "unknowns" a chance to design particular buildings, the Fair is offering $4,250 in prizes to all architects of the metropolitan area. The building in competition is one of a group of connected structures. Its major dimension shall not exceed 350 feet and it must be but one story high. The jury's awards will be announced on October 20, first prize being $1,000 and a commission to design at least one Fair building.

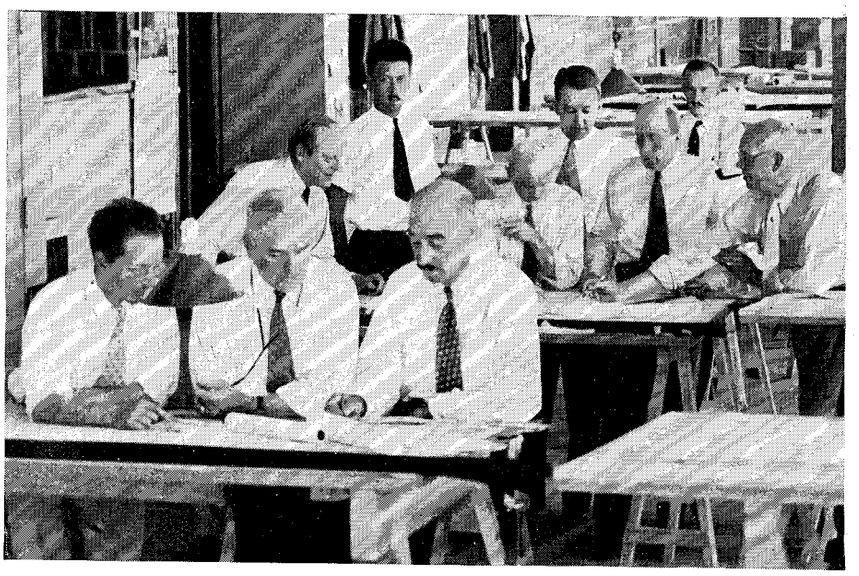
Designers and draftsmen work day and night in their "sky workshop" completing basic plans, preparing subsidiary maps, drawings, renderings and perspectives, to improve the exact geographical center of New York, Flushing Meadow. There, a century and a half ago, George Washington's plan to build a summer White House was routed by mosquitoes; to-day, a dump and swamp area is being reclaimed for the permanent good. Night and day, huge shovels nurse a brood of great trucks which move in an endless chain from loading-point to dumping-point, a mile away.

Night Knockers—Tho they may get a chunk of the $1,000,000,000 business this Fair is expected to bring to New York, those who dwell near the site, three and one-half miles long and a mile across at its widest point, have turned from boosters to knockers. Floodlights they call "midnight sunlight" keep them awake, and they try to count sheep to the puff and clank of steam-shovels.

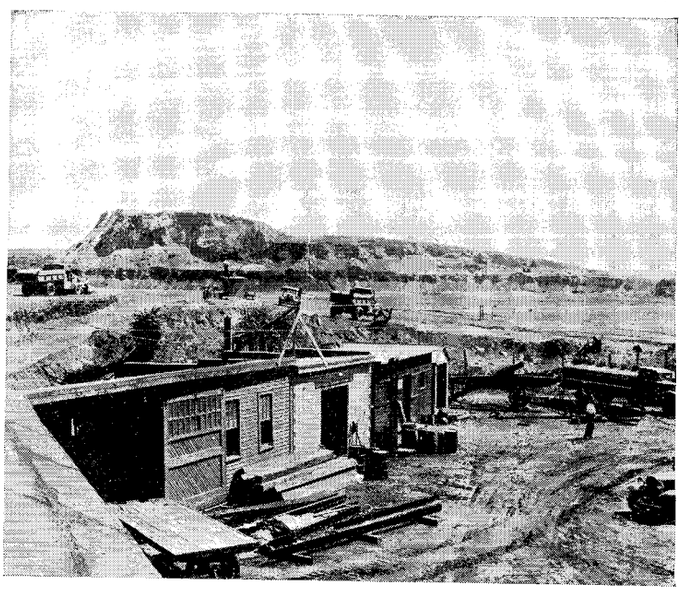
To-day, the Fair site may look like a blank piece of paper, crumpled, dirty and dog-eared with nothing but a large red question-mark for plans, but New Yorkers look ahead three years to a new telephone exchange when they will dial WO 9-1939 and get their World's Fair.

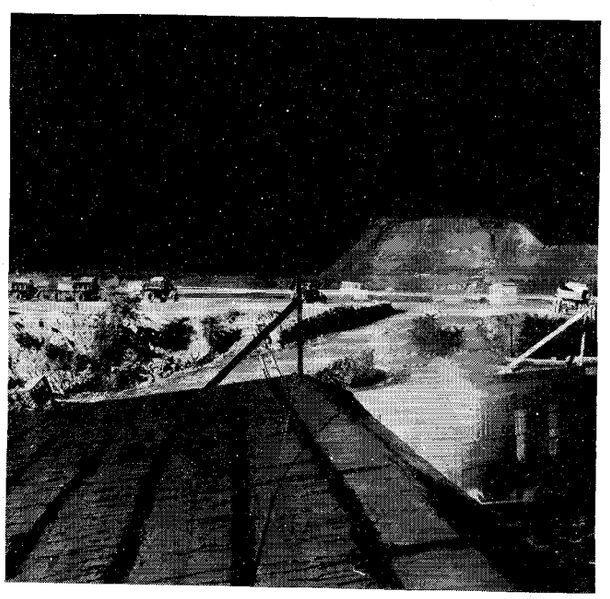
McLaughlin Aerial Surveys

For the site of the 1939 World's Fair



. . . architectural and landscape layouts are being made by the Board of Design, whose plans call for





. . . day and night work . . . three years in advance, men and machines excavate and spread ashes for the park-lands of the Fair grounds

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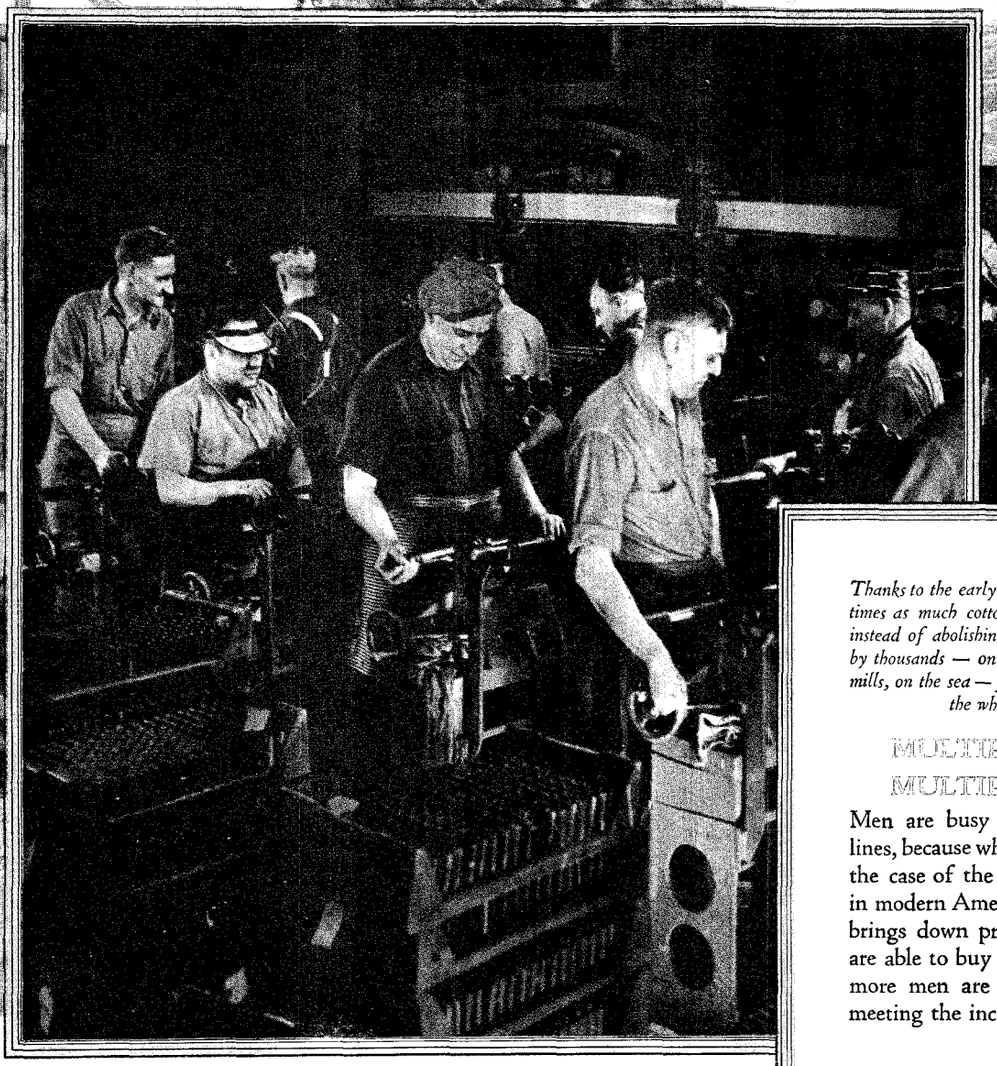
WHO SERVES PROGR



Thanks to the early cotton gin, one man could clean 300 times as much cotton as he could working by hand. But instead of abolishing jobs, that invention multiplied them by thousands — on plantations, in New England's busy mills, on the sea — for when production costs came down the whole world began to buy.

MULTIPLYING JOBS BY MULTIPLYING OUTPUT

Men are busy today along the production lines, because what happened 143 years ago in the case of the cotton gin is still happening in modern America. As improved machinery brings down production costs, more people are able to buy — more jobs are created — more men are put to work at good wages meeting the increased demand.

Think—*is the World completed?*

Look about you—in your own America today—what do you see? Progressive industry everywhere offering new and better wares. Countless communities needing new homes by the thousands. The railroads, speeding time and obsolescence, with amazingly efficient new trains. Millions of peopl wanting or needing something new. Seeing all this, wh *think* as if the world were completed, as if there were nothin more to do! Why consider dividing wealth—why not mu tiply it? Why talk of "stabilizing"—why not go forward

YOUR MONEY GOES FARTHER

CHEVROLET PONTIAC OLDSMOBILE

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ıy worry about fewer hours—why not make more jobs? ıy think of producing fewer things at higher prices for er people—why not produce more things at lower prices more people? Never was there a time with more limitless sibilities for men of vision, courage and resourcefulness than now. In the new things needed, in the new industries being born, in the rebuilding of the vast production plant of our country—in these are opportunities for increasing employment, for producing new markets and new wealth, for serving progress, greater than America has ever known!

A GENERAL MOTORS CAR

K LA SALLE CADILLAC

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GLAMOUROUS VOICE AGAIN IN OPERA

Galli-Curci Among Stars in Chicago's Cash-and-Carry Season

Chicago opera patrons, stedfast, unsinged by flares of temperament and boiling money troubles, will fluff out their sables, uncrease their white ties October 31 for a new season on a cash-and-carry basis.

That Saturday night, in gleaming limousines, the Gold Coast will stream down to the sky-scraper, insulated house of song that Insull built. New faces will be seen in the foyer, new industries represented in the signatures that have underwritten the receipted bills. Samuel Insull built the towering house in his heyday, watched control of it slip through his fingers as Midwest utilities began to crack.

At the opening performance, Respighi's "La Fiamma," a new company of officers and directors will assemble for their first official appearance in the Civic Opera House. Jason F. Whitney, who came to Chicago eight years ago after retiring as head of a large cheese factory, is President of the association now called the Chicago City Opera Company. It has no connection of any kind with Insull's pet.

Return of Star—Two weeks will pass before opera-habituated Chicagoans will get their first vivid thrill. On the night of November 17, Mme. Amelita Galli-Curci will sing for the first time since, a year ago, surgeon's knives sliced into her throat, cut away growths that were throttling the glamourous voice that never had a lesson.

Almost to the day, twenty years ago, Galli-Curci made her American début in the Auditorium Theater in Chicago.

Born in Italy in 1889, the young soprano was taken to Chicago in the fall of 1916 by Cleofonte Campanini. Shrewdly, he withheld advance ballyhoo, staked his fortune and reputation on the cords in her slim, dark-skinned throat. He announced her, simply, for the rôle of *Gilda* in "Rigoletto." The night was November 18.

An ice-cold audience stared doubtfully at the thin, lank-haired singer, studied her angular nose, wondered what song could come from such an ensemble.

Snippy judgment was suspended when she began to sing, was flooded away in a gust of enthusiasm when she sang the *"Caro Nome."* Her now fired audience staged one of the longest and most vociferous demonstrations in the whole history of grand opera.

She poured out her voice on opera stages in New York and Chicago, gave it to phonograph records. Her fortune grew, her fame expanded. In 1924, the core of temperamental quarrels, she left the Chicago Opera, gave all her time to the Metropolitan in New York. Six years later, she left the Metropolitan and became a concert artist.

Physical Handicap—In the midst of a triumphant tour, her throat began to trouble her. Before any others, she knew that goiter was stifling her, trapping her vocal cords. Soon it became apparent in her singing. Unwilling to sing publicly at less than her best, she retired.

A year ago she went back to Chicago, quietly entered Henrotin Hospital, invited surgeons in to operate on her throat. She suggested they try to skirt the vocal cords, insisted they clear up the condition once and for all, cords or no cords.

She has not sung since, professionally. Her appearance next month will be as *Mimi* in "La Bohème."

She vows her voice is as good as ever.

Whitney's plan for a cash-and-carry grand opera, with money enough to pay for a healthy Galli-Curci and other prizes, has set up what he believes is a deficit-proof system.

His project enlists 1,000 Chicago music lovers. Each will give $100 outright to the opera company. For that sum they become life members, are guaranteed life immunity from further cash outlay arising from possible deficit. They get the same choice of seats given to season subscribers and, when it is formed, will become automatic members of the new Opera Club. Last week, Whitney smiled. His 1,000 donors were in sight.

Wide World

Galli-Curci: her throttled throat freed by surgeons' knives . . . again to issue golden notes

Merchants Cooperate — Bolstering this $100,000 fund will be a mercantile battalion of business firms giving cash donations in spendable token of the added business they derive from opera.

President Whitney, taking a custom from the business world, made a survey. He found few firms unbenefited by opera. Clothing stores, glove stores, shoe stores, shirt stores, muffler counters, cleaning and dyeing establishments, taxi companies, hat stores, hair-dressers, and more were found to get direct benefit from spruced-up opera patrons. They will be asked to recognize the benefits in cash.

The season will end December 12, and the bookkeepers will tot up the ledgers. They expect to show that the "fixed capital" season of opera made money.

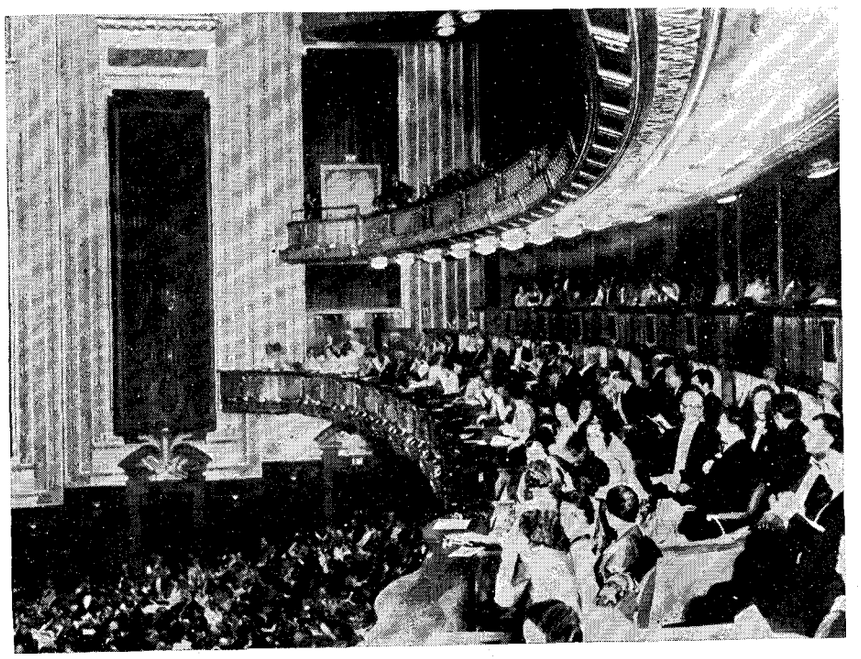
Even if the opera company loses, Chicago will have had a sturdy, glamourous season. Paul Longone, General Manager, has arranged for the best.

Galaxy of Singers—In the wake of Mme. Galli-Curci will come Lily Pons, Elizabeth Rethberg, Hilda Burke, Vivian Della Chiesa, Helen Jepson, Marjorie Lawrence, Gertrude Wettergren, Joseph Bentonelli, Giovanni Martinelli, Lauritz Melchior, Tito Schippa, Richard Bonelli, Carlo Morelli, Lawrence Tibbett, John Charles Thomas, Chase Baromeo, Ezio Pinza and others.

Novelties will include, in English, "The Bartered Bride," with Louis D'Angelo in one of the leading rôles, and "Jack and the Beanstalk," with score by Louis Gruenberg.

Two Wagner operas, "Lohengrin" and "Die Walküre," will be sung in German, Frederick Schorr to be the *Wotan* in the latter.

Conductors include Rudolph Hanz, Richard Hageman, Roberto Moranzoni, Henry Weber and Louis Hasselmans.



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Music lovers and business firms assure "fixed capital" season to Chicago City Opera

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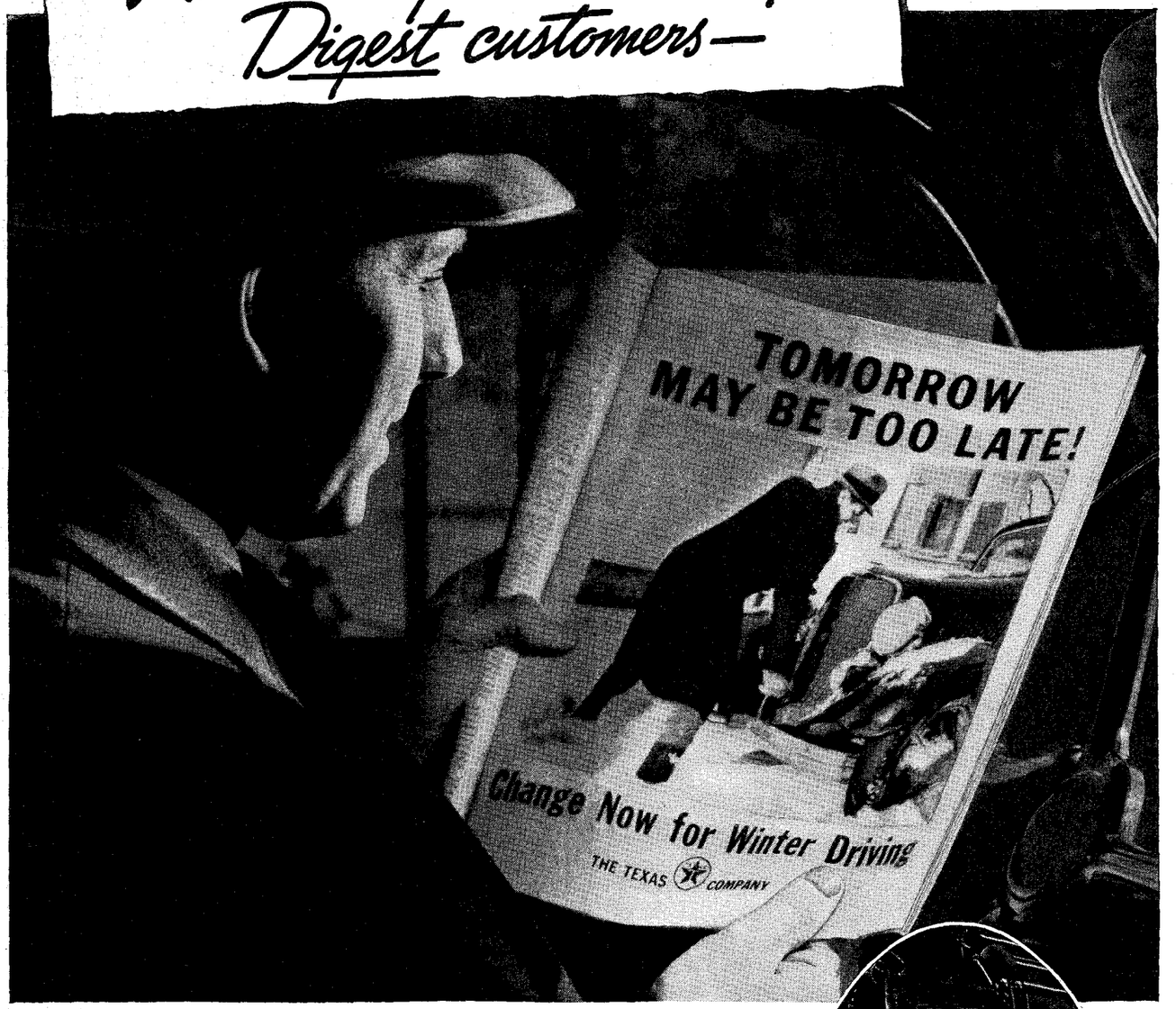
Reminding our Literary Digest customers—*

* Our reports indicate that more readers of this magazine use TEXACO *FIRE-CHIEF* than any other gasoline.



THE thermometer may drop to *freezing* any day now. You may have frost tonight. While there is still time let the Texaco Dealer lubricate your car for *winter*.

Unsuitable summer grades of oil in your engine are replaced with the correct winter grade of free-flowing New Texaco Motor Oil, as the car manufacturer would specify it.

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MURDER TWINS: Broadway, Doing Things in Pairs, Provides a Nightmarish Brace

The patient theater of Broadway, in the throes of a new vogue for double-headers in drama, has tossed two sets of footlight twins into history, awaits somewhat bewilderedly the arrival of two more pairs.

Thus far in an early and desultory season, there have been two plays about military schools, neither suffused with much dramatic power, and two British plays concerning the terrifying antics of paranoic assassins.

Due soon are two plays about Napoleon, two productions of Shakespeare's "Hamlet." In addition, two plays about Hollywood, two plays about New York actors.

Murder, Murder—The British theater's preoccupation with dementia præcox was observed in plays written by actors who perform the leading rôles. The first was "Night Must Fall," by Emlyn Williams, the second "Love From a Stranger," by Frank Vosper. They were produced on successive nights last week, to hum the song in the heart of a murderer.

Paranoics behind the footlights: Emlyn Williams (left) and Frank Vosper

Twin in theme and point of view, they had another kinship: each suffered from draggy, teacuppy first and second acts, arrived at no crisis of horror until a long-delayed third act.

"Night Must Fall" had some justification for tussling with Crown Derby china and teacups. It was essential for Mr. Williams to establish the mood and routine of a country cottage in Essex peopled by middle-class, habit-strewn Britons. No such necessity gnawed at Mr. Vosper.

When the last curtain of both plays had thumped to the stage and closed the minute excursions into the criminal mind, audiences agreed that neither was stout melodrama, but the Williams play was saved by a chilling performance by its author and chief character.

Heartless Monster—Mr. Williams, the London theater's master of honeyed evil, offered a detailed and freezing portrait of a monster without feelings. Remembering the whole of the play and the zest he poured into his picture of an assassin, it is possible to suggest that he has a profound relish for himself in the rôle of terror. A few years ago, in New York, he frightened audiences in "Criminal At Large."

This time, Mr. Williams was playing a bellboy in an English country inn. Ridden with ego, smoldering over his lowly position, *Dan* killed one woman, buried her in the garden of a cottage, invaded the cottage, ingratiated himself with an old and extremely vapid widow; killed her, too.

Through it, *Dan* is a smiling, crafty, dissembling killer, one moment an exultant, dominating master of his fate, the next weeping abjectly because of the horror brooding over him. In the end, he betrays himself and there is a futile effort to save him made by an intelligent if extremely plain young woman who first is fascinated by the evil in him and, finally, is infatuated with it and him.

The play is little more than a rough-hewn platform on which Mr. Williams can accomplish his stunt. There is, of course, some justification for the slow pace of the play. No melodrama pretending to dig into the criminal mind can hasten. Suspense being a valuable and essential grace, every possible scope must be given to it.

Divided Verdict—Critics were divided in their opinion, some finding the play disappointing, Williams excellent, others finding the play better than the performance.

Richard Lockridge, New York *Sun*: "This makes, if not quite a first-rate study in the psychology of murder, a play with its full share of shivers. It is a curdling picture of a murderer at his murdering."

John Anderson, New York *Evening Journal*: "You can't yawn and have your teeth chatter at the same moment. I heard him when he yelled 'Boo!' the first time."

In England, if both plays in a brace are to be believed, no assassin, brooding in a chimney-corner over fancied wrongs, ever goes out in a good lusty fashion and cuts down his enemy. Instead, a fine, flowered case of schizophrenia drives him to work a cunning, elaborate killing scheme in which music plays a curious part, in which the nightmare motif is uppermost.

The Vosper play shows audiences a blond, split-personality type of menace given to twittery seizures. His special technique is that of exerting wilful charm on susceptible, wealthy women. Murderer *Bruce Lovell* has reduced to formula the work of meeting, charming, marrying, robbing and then murdering a succession of not-too-bright women.

Mr. Vosper dealt himself a lush opportunity to smile blandly, glare wickedly, twitch, skid, ululate and agonize. At moments, he becomes terrifying.

Where "Love From a Stranger" departs from its theme is in the end, when the successful assassin of five witless women suddenly finds himself destroyed by the intelligence of what was to have been his sixth victim.

Burns Mantle, New York *Daily News*: "The general effect of these plays, to me, is that of wasting the theater on obvious trick dramas that the motion-picture folk do much more effectively, and sell for much less money."

"CRAIG'S WIFE" AGAIN: A Pulitzer-Crowned Play Becomes Rosalind Russell Screen Vehicle

Dug up from the dust-heap of old Pulitzer Prize-winning plays and dusted off by 1936 Hollywood for cinema use is "Craig's Wife," counted by many to be George Kelly's best play.

The picture, made by Columbia, does not stray from the plot structure made years ago by Mr. Kelly. A woman marries a man for the home he can give her. Once secure in it, she rules home and husband with chilling efficiency. She commands neatness, she chooses his friends, she supervises expenditures, she alienates the people he knew and liked before his marriage.

In the end, in a surge of revolt, he turns, smashes some of her treasured chinaware, becomes master of his own place.

Casting Feat—Shrewdly, Columbia cast Rosalind Russell in the rôle of *Mrs. Craig*. It not only gave her a welcome freedom from the type of rôles that had become almost habitual, but gave her a chance to prove a talent theretofore muffled by previous performances.

John Boles's portrait of the first patient and then violent *Craig* neither adds to nor subtracts from his stature as a screen leading man. It is a routine job.

His effectiveness was sufficient, however, to move a California preview audience to cheers when he broke his wife's favorite vase. The tribute must be shared with Miss Russell.

Welford Beaton, *Hollywood Spectator*: "It is a photographed play, not a motion-picture, and motion-picture audiences will not be satisfied with it."

Film Ratings

These ratings represent a consensus arrived at by analysis of the comment of screen reviewers throughout the country. They are not arbitrary ratings set by THE LITERARY DIGEST Screen Editor.

***AAAA*—"Romeo and Juliet"; "The Green Pastures"; "San Francisco"; "The Gorgeous Hussy"; "Swing Time"; "The Devil Is a Sissy"; "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie"; "Dodsworth."**

***AAA*—"Fury"; "The Devil Doll"; "Suzy"; "Piccadilly Jim"; "Girls' Dormitory."**

The ratings are: *AAAA*, Excellent; *AAA*, Good; *AA*, Acceptable, and *A*, Poor.

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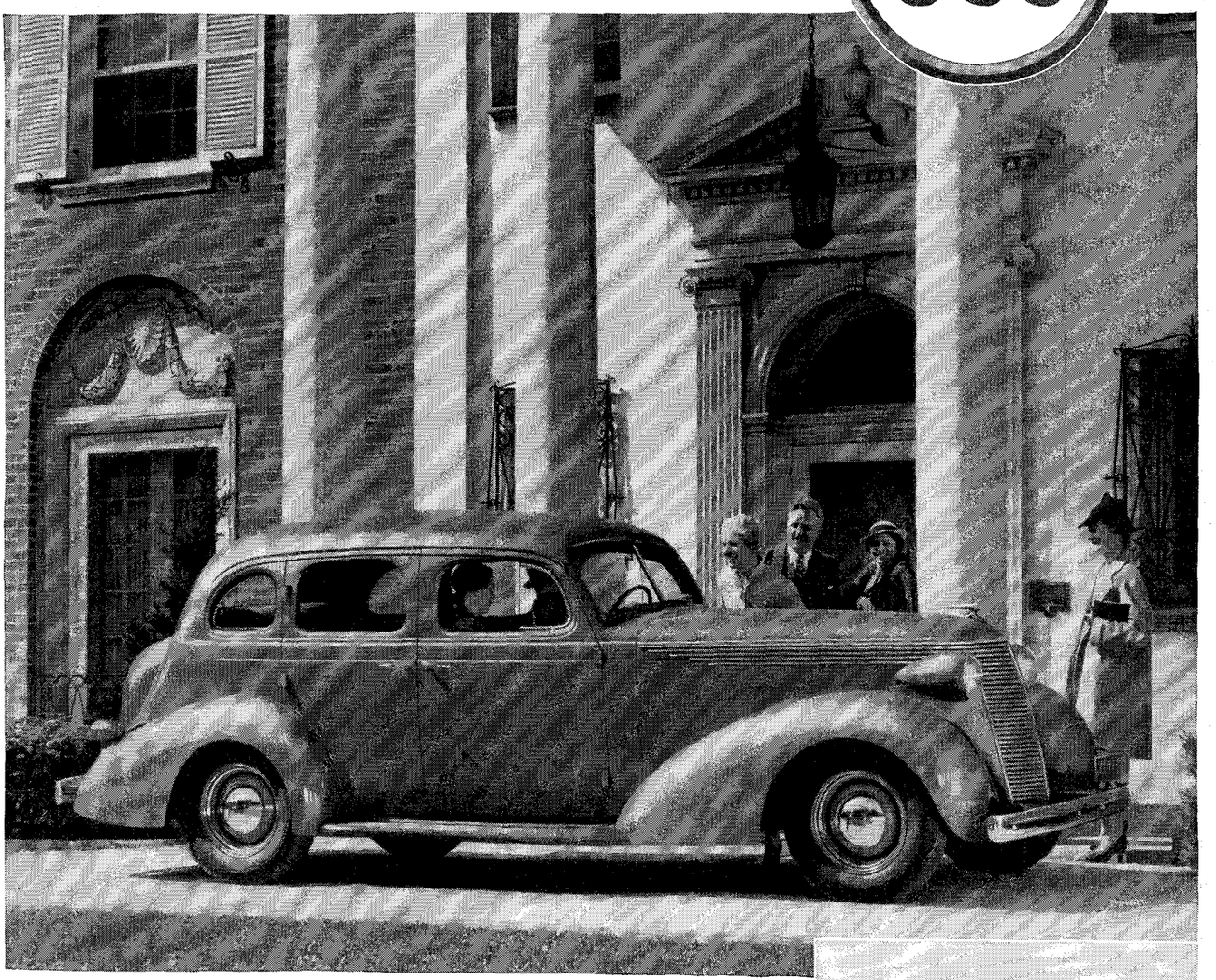

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"THAT FRAM OIL CLEANER AND AUTOMATIC OVERDRIVE CERTAINLY SAVE YOU MONEY!"

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Everywhere you turn there are impressive innovations . . . doors with automatic rotary latches that stay closed tightly even if shut only lightly . . . lowered floors and lowered door openings . . . four new inches of leg room and increased head room . . . quieter, more efficient, underslung rear axles . . . new Dual Range steering that halves the turning effort of parking—it takes an 84-page book to tell all about all that's new in these new Studebakers. See and drive them now.

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THREE REPORTERS RACE 'ROUND GLOBE

They Are Striving to Cut Nellie Bly's Record by Two-Thirds

Back in the days when the rustle of a woman's skirt in a newspaper office was the signal to stop swearing, as 1889 was fading into 1890, Nellie Bly, a wisp of a girl from Pennsylvania, made the world gasp, then cheer, as she swept around the world for Joseph Pulitzer's sensational New York *World* in the record time of seventy-two days, six hours and eleven minutes.

Last week, in a newspaper world grown used to girls in city-rooms and telegraph flimsies about air-plane dashes across oceans, three modern successors of Nellie Bly, two men and a woman, set out to cut her time by two-thirds.

As the German air-ship *Hindenburg* droned north from the Naval Air Station at Lakehurst, New Jersey, and pointed her silvery nose toward Frankfort, Germany, three top-notch reporters chatted in her smoking-room. Herbert Roslyn Ekins, ace reporter for the Scripps-Howard chain; Leo A. Kieran, aviation expert of the New York *Times* and the North American Newspaper Alliance, and Dorothy Kilgallen, youthful special writer for Hearst's New York *Journal*, will discuss their plans during the two and a half-day trip to Germany.

Ways to Part—Then the Lufthansa and Italian Airliners will take them for short hops to Italy. Three routes to China are open: Imperial Airways, Holland's K.L.M. and Air-France. To make the race more exciting, the three globe-circlers will probably take different routes. Part of the journey, perhaps, will be by prosaic steamship to Manila, whence the maiden flight of Pan-American Airways' *China Clipper* will wing the three over the Pacific to Alameda, on San Francisco Bay. A short automobile drive and planes again across the United States. Probable elapsed time: a little over twenty-two days.

Forty-seven years ago, on November 14, Nellie Bly (born Elizabeth Cochrane) left New York Harbor aboard the *Augusta Victoria*. In her stateroom was little baggage: a small satchel, a sort of knapsack, two frocks, a tooth-brush, some flannel underwear, a bank-book, a ghillie cap, and a sturdy plaid ulster.

Last Wednesday, Miss Kilgallen carried even less: aviation luggage, some flimsy modern garments, one or two pieces of warmer clothing. Ekins took a typewriter, because he'd "feel lost without it," and the same miniature flask that Nellie carried.

More Placid World—More stir accompanied Miss Bly's trip than will ever break into print as her twentieth-century successors look down on her slow route from roaring air-planes. Head-lines flamed in the luridly successful *World*, as she slowly sent back by faltering cable her impressions of the lands she visited—foggy London; Amiens, where she saw Jules Verne (author of "Around the World in Eighty Days").

And when her special train from the West Coast at last pulled into New York, the *World* screamed:

FATHER TIME OUTDONE!

Even Imagination's Record Pales Before the Performance of "The World's" Globe-Circler

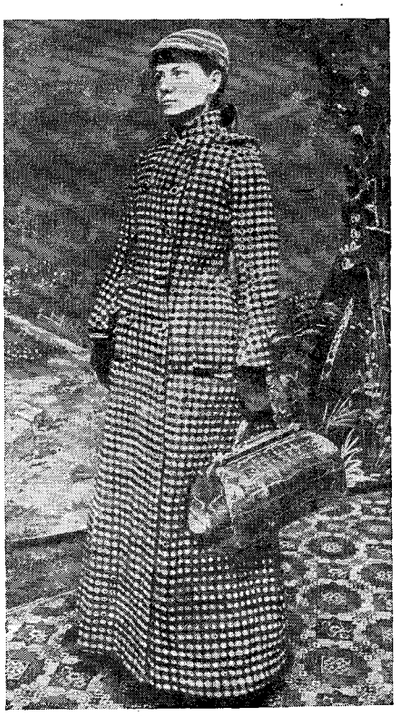
Jules Verne sent a congratulatory cable for her work. Steamship, train, barouche and rickshaw had carried her.

No humdrum newspaper workers either are the three who started to race one another last week. "Bud" Ekins, whose trip was announced first, is tall, blue-eyed, gray-haired. He gained an international reputation with the United Press when he sent back graphic accounts of Japan's penetration of Manchukuo, then went to Addis Ababa. Shop-talk notoriety came to him when he sent in an expense-account from the Far East with the notation: "There is a new dress-suit somewhere in here, but I defy you to find it."

Hard on the announcement of the Scripps-Howard and New York *World-Telegram* journey came *The Times*' schedule of Leo Kieran's trip which, like the others, will be only by regular means of transportation that any traveler might use. As an aviation writer, Kieran has earned a niche among *Times* men, but general reporting on the Lindbergh and other cases shows his capability with a typewriter.

Woman Ace—More like Nellie Bly, however, is Miss Kilgallen, still in her early twenties. Like her famous predecessor, she started in newspaper work with a whoop and a hurrah, tho using her own initiative to back up her father's reputation. James Kilgallen was known as one of the ablest American reporters, holding down a star berth on Hearst's International News Service until he became assistant to Joseph Connolly of King Features Syndicate.

Dorothy first broke into print on *The Journal* by sweeping in on the city editor while on her way to a dance. She was then only seventeen. After the dance she started on a two-weeks' trial job, and has held it ever since. Police stations, courthouses, hospitals and the Morgue were given her to break her in. She soon was graduated to jobs such as covering the explosion of the ferry-boat *Observation* in the East River, counting bodies on the wharf as expertly as her father, whom she bumped into there. The Hauptmann trial, an execution in Massachusetts, where her sex and Irish demureness almost prevented her from getting into the prison, and a score of sensational stories have kept her busy.



Courtesy Harper & Bros.

Nellie Bly . . . world girdler . . . 1890

NEW "WHO'S WHO":

Twenty-Five Daily Apply for Listing; 31,434 Receive It

Crochety librarians in newspaper "morgues" start their fact-collecting with "Who's Who in America" and work down through a dictionary, "The World Almanac," and "The New York Times Index." Last week, they moved their reference works four inches along the shelves and put in the 1936-'37 edition of "Who's Who in America."

But who to put into the reference book and who to leave out is a problem that is settled in Chicago, on the ninth floor of the Palmolive Building. Portly, white-haired Albert Nelson Marquis sits there in a glass-enclosed office, behind an old-fashioned mahogany desk, and with four assistants decides the fates of notables and would-be notables.

"About twenty-five persons a day write to me suggesting their own names for 'Who's Who,'" Marquis says. "A man who is really important doesn't do that."

Automatic Entries—The first test is position. Senators, Representatives, Governors, the President and his Cabinet, high officers in the Army and Navy, and Presidents of the larger colleges and universities get in automatically. "Sometimes these arbitrarily selected persons don't deserve it," Marquis says. "We leave them out when they lose their positions. The British 'Who's Who,' eighty-seven years old against our thirty-seven, is too democratic.

"We hold conferences about doubtful names. If we can't decide, we write to authorities in different fields.

"Shirley Temple got in this year because every one's talking about her, even if she is very young. But Jackie Coogan was listed several years ago. Albert Einstein is in for the first time because he is now an American resident."

Marquis had been a schoolbook publisher until he decided just before the turn of the century to start an American biographical dictionary. Gradually he has dropped sidelines, except "Who's Who in Chicago."

Boost for Colleges—Besides its reference value, Marquis loves to think of his book as an index of careers. Every few years, the educational attainments of those listed in it are analyzed, and each time it appears that college training means more to notables than anything else. Eighty-six per cent. of the notables listed have gone to college. The educational approach is capitalized upon by a section of advertisements, at $200 a page, for schools and colleges.

Into the latest edition of "Who's Who" jumped 353 new men and women, swelling the total to 31,434. The first number had only 8,602 sketches.

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EATERS DIGEST

SAUCE MYSTERY SOLVED

Name the most epicurean eating place in Manhattan and you've guessed the locale of this story. Perhaps you recall the sauce—ardent, crimson, *specialté de la maison.* Marvelous with cold meats, hot meats, fish; grand on scrambled eggs. One night our chemist friend—J. H.—was in town. He snared a bit of the sauce. Took it home. Analyzed it. Then discovered that an exact replica could be contrived in the following fashion: Mix one part dry mustard with one part Heinz chili sauce and two parts Heinz tomato ketchup. That's all there is to it! Make up quite a bit at a time. The flavors blend—the sauce mellows—as "time marches on."

THE PAY-OFF

Said E. S. B.—"Well, sakes alive
I ate, I told and I got five."
All of which only goes to show
You'd better see Reward below.*

HIGH-FLYING BABIES

Infant air passengers have become so numerous of late that big transport liners now carry a supply of strained baby foods and tomato juice. A judicious bit of snooping on the part of Demi Tasse reveals that these high-flying babies prefer *Heinz strained foods,* vacuum-packed at the House of Heinz. To prevent menu-boredom among sophisticated young moderns Heinz provides seven strained vegetables, soup and cereal—not to mention two desserts!

***$5 REWARD** If you have any smart, original recipes or interesting facts about the 57 Varieties, send them to me. You'll get a check for five dollars and a beautiful certificate with your name on it if your contribution is used. Mail to Demi Tasse, c/o The House of Heinz, Dept. D, Pittsburgh, Pa.

JUST LOAFING

To assure yourself a lovely loaf over the week-end, try this grand prix (five-dollar) suggestion from A. L. W. of Austin, Texas. He transforms a ham loaf into a chef's specialty. Bakes it in a ring mold with Heinz sweet pickled onions (one cupful—drained and finely chopped). Our correspondent advises that it's excellent cold—the center filled with coleslaw. Mebbe so. Ours was wolfed by me and mine—hot.

GRAND MANOR

When a gourmet dines
On squab and wines
The soup—I'll venture to suggest—
Is Heinz!

GRATE GOING

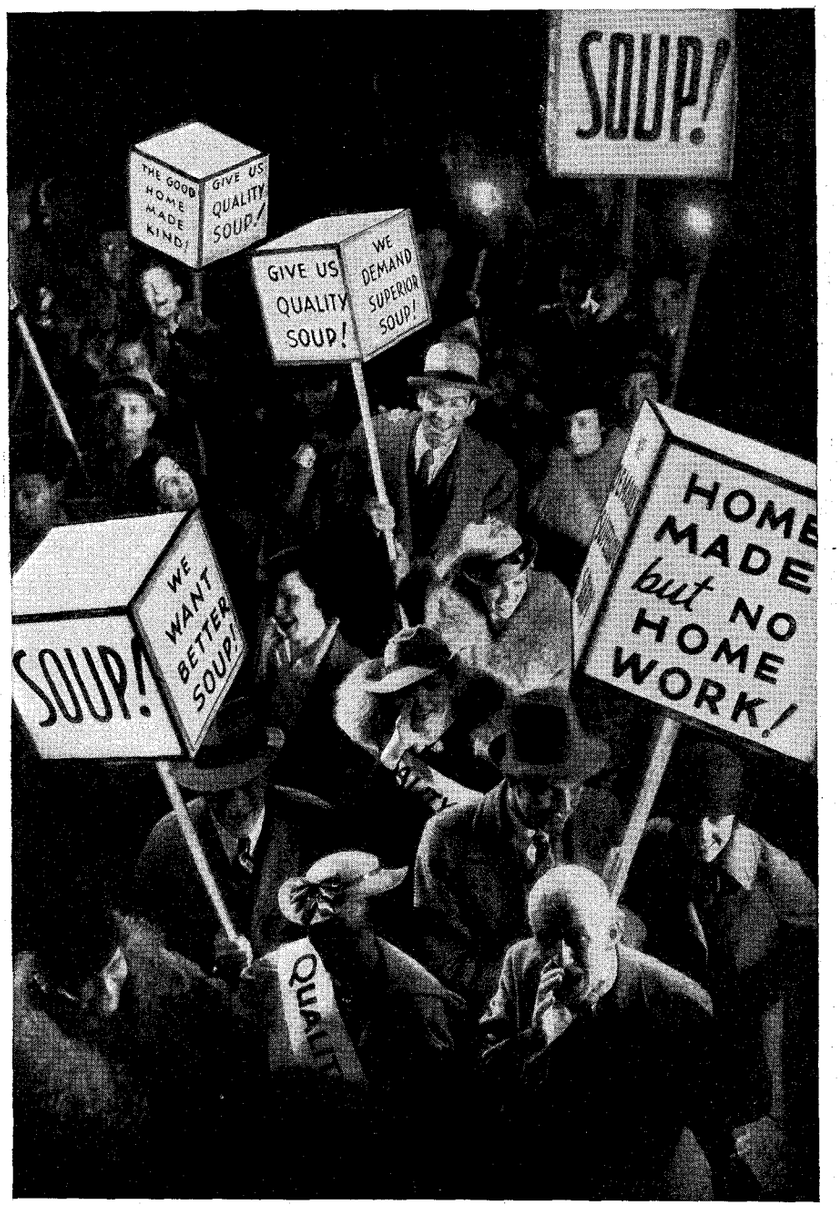
Glory be to Glory W. of Hollywood, who submits this scenario for glorifying a chicken dish: Add two medium tins Heinz cream of mushroom soup to 2 cups diced cooked chicken, two sliced hard-cooked eggs and ½ cup sliced Heinz stuffed olives. Season with a dash of Heinz beefsteak sauce and pour over six slices of toast in a baking dish. Top with a half cup grated cheese and bake for 20 minutes.

UNION WITH VIENNA

In Hongkong, where British beef and Yorkshire pudding vie with the Chinese chicken-and-walnuts, M. Y., a gourmet-journalist, wielded her trusty can-opener for the greater glory of American national cuisine. One tin Heinz oven-baked beans from the comprador shop was teamed with a tin of Vienna sausages, heated and served. Created international good-will!

—Demi Tasse

Tune in *Heinz Magazine of the Air.* Full half hour—Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, 11 E.S.T.; 10 C.S.T.; 9 M.T.; 12 noon Pacific time—Columbia Network.



WIN DIGEST POLL

TWENTY-TWO candidates from the House of Heinz have captured the nation's flavor-favor; won every taste test, every digest poll! From far and wide comes the vast voice of America's verdict: *Heinz soups taste homemade!*

Women started the nation-wide campaign for better soups. "Give us home-tasting soups in tins," they cried. And Heinz answered with home-style soups — four kinds at first. Quickly these four grew to twenty-two, for the word spread like wildfire: "Here, at last, are real home-tasting soups in tins!"

You should see Heinz soups made. They are cooked in small batches, to retain true "home" flavor. Some are slowly simmered, others patiently stirred. Each, at its flavor-peak, is poured into spotless tins and sealed!

You'd marvel at the ingredients Heinz uses. Cream thicker than whipping cream. Choice cuts of meats. Tender, table-grade vegetables. Heinz even raises the seeds from which the famous Heinz "pedigreed" tomatoes grow!

Heinz home-style soups are ready to heat and serve. Nothing need be added. And remember — Heinz soups *taste homemade* because they are cooked the "home" way! Order a supply from your grocer right now!

57

HEINZ HOME-STYLE SOUPS

VEGETABLE SOUP			SCOTCH BROTH
VEGETABLE BEEF SOUP	CREAM OF GREEN PEA	CLAM CHOWDER	MOCK TURTLE
CREAM OF SPINACH	CREAM OF CELERY	CONSOMMÉ MADRILÈNE	ONION SOUP
CREAM OF MUSHROOM	CREAM OF TOMATO	BEAN SOUP	CHICKEN GUMBO (CREOLE)
CREAM OF OYSTER	CORN CHOWDER	CONSOMMÉ	GENUINE TURTLE SOUP
CREAM OF ASPARAGUS	CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP	PEPPER POT	CHICKEN WITH RICE

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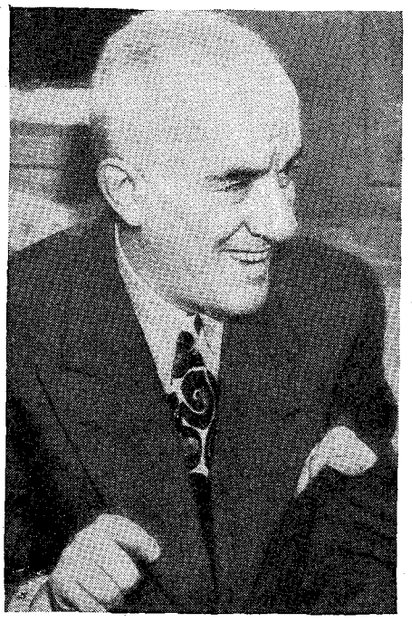

Where the Canaries Sing Bass

—and we manicure our nails in cigar cutters

By "Bugs" Baer

Famous Author and Humorist

AN UNGRATEFUL child is sharper than a serpent's tooth. But it is dull when compared with the Gillette Blade, which is so keen that a giant lightning bug couldn't find its edge even if he had two tails.

I am Mayor of Rufftown, which is so tough the canary birds sing bass and we manicure our nails in cigar cutters. Nobody in our town ever shaved until the Gillette Blade was invented. Now we all shave twice a day, including the children, Aunt Ella and the iron deer on the lawn.

To get the lowdown on this shaving thing, I took a cruise through the Gillette factory in Boston recently and watched a blade go through 180 minor steps so that a shave would not be a major operation. I discovered there isn't any microscope powerful enough to see the shaving edges of a Gillette Blade.

I have been using Gillette Blades for twenty five years, man and boy, so I ought to know what I'm talking about when I say that the Gillette Blade gives the world's cleanest, most comfortable shaves.

* * *

Like Frank Buck, Grantland Rice, Graham McNamee and many other famous men, "Bugs" Baer agrees that the Gillette Blade is the finest that science can produce. If you have strayed away from Gillette Blades, may we suggest that you now buy a package, and get ready for a new shaving thrill! You will be surprised how easily and quickly it whisks off stubborn bristles without pull or irritation. Buy a package today. Slip one into your razor tomorrow and see for yourself why millions of men will use no other blade.

With these facts before you, why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Insist on Gillette Blades.

Tune in on Gillette's sensational new radio program—CBS network—Coast to Coast—Sunday night—10 P. M. E. S. T.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Education

PEGGY ANNE AT UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS

Spotlight and Rumored "Guards" Fail to Upset Her Poise

Between the time she finished studies last spring and returned as a junior to the University of Kansas three weeks ago, Peggy Anne Landon had become in one swoop the daughter of the Republican Presidential candidate and a prospective occupant of the White House.

Promptly, in Lawrence, seat of the University, which remembered she was threatened with kidnaping in 1933 and was escorted to the Cleveland Convention by a Kansas City policeman, rumor placed a squad of husky Jayhawk State Troopers at her side. Along leaf-strewn campus walks, they were pictured shooing away "dates," cautioning her on the proprieties of her exalted position.

Rumor Spiked—Last week, newspaper men with cameras sauntered over to investigate, found hardly a half-truth in these rumors.

In place of a squad of uniformed Troopers, they saw a lone guard waiting outside the Pi Beta Phi sorority house. Tall, good-looking Robert Rutherford had been assigned to watch over Peggy Anne in Lawrence, even in classrooms. Another six-footer, John Whitcomb, accompanies her on visits home to Topeka, twenty miles away.

Care-Free Co-Ed—Until her unexpected and, to her, bewildering rise to celebrity at Cleveland in June, dark-eyed, olive-skinned Peggy Anne lived the normal, care-free life of any co-ed: not too much study, "bull sessions" at night in the big sorority house across tree-lined Mississippi Street from the horseshoe Memorial Stadium, more sessions over drug-store "cokes" between classes or after the movies, a little bridge played free-style, some reading, dances and dates . . . dates . . . dates. . . .

If her father's prominence has brought her added, weighty responsibility, she shows no sign of her new worries. Kansas University men had already decided they enjoyed the company of the Governor's daughter. Altho before entering the University in 1934, she never had a "date," to-day she has a large circle of them. But while Peggy Anne believes that there's safety in numbers, this year she has been extra careful in choosing her escorts. On Thursday afternoon they may take her to the weekly tea-dance, at Wiedemann's Café in the town. Later, perhaps, she drives out to the Kaw to canoe in the soft Kansan moonlight.

Perfect Poise—Her friends in the "Pi Phi" house marvel at the calm poise which she maintains in the face of such national interest. Over her breakfast in the spacious, beam-ceilinged chapter dining-room, she chats about history (she's taking three courses in that subject this year) with the same youthful eagerness she has always displayed in her school work.

While she has never been a grind, she manages to rank scholastically well up in her class and still find time for tennis, riding, swimming and the young men she knew in her freshman and sophomore years.

Pi Beta Phi is the oldest sorority on the Kansas campus, but there's nothing ultra-social about its membership.

Peggy Anne's room resembles almost any other comfortable, well-lit American college room. She likes bright colors, particularly red and yellow, which predominate in the decorative scheme. On her desk are an assortment of recent books, biographies, good novels and not a few college texts. She is especially fond of books which deal with contemporary America.

She has two room-mates—personable Betty Jane Campbell, of Kansas City, Pi Beta Phi's "rushing captain," and attractive Katherine Ehrke, of Buenos Aires, who met Peggy Anne for the first time two weeks ago.

With severely combed-back hair, sometimes worn in a coronet braid, and searching black eyes in a thin face, Peggy Anne may seem to new students at first sight cold and unsympathetic, but she has, in reality, an easy smile and a friendly, unassuming manner.

She eats what she likes because she doesn't have to diet (weight, 103 pounds; height, 5 feet 3½ inches). Always, she is fastidious and well groomed.

Soft Drinks—In dry-voting Kansas, young Peggy Anne wisely refuses to go inside a place where beer is sold. She will, after persuasion, consent to stopping outside for curb service, but orders her own drinks soft.

Looking to the future, Peggy Anne is not quite sure of what she's headed for after she gains her diploma. "That's a little far ahead," she smiled. "I'll have to wait until I graduate to say what Ill do." Her chief interest lies, however, in journalism.

No wisecracker or ready participant in rapid-fire collegiate repartée, the Kansas Governor's daughter is adjudged by reporters as "the best sport of the family." Asked last week for her plans if she should move to the White House, she parried:

"There will be plenty of time to make plans about Washington after the election, if it goes in Father's favor."

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Both at Kansas U.: Governor Landon's daughter, Peggy Anne, John Hamilton's son, Dan

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The Lexicographer's Easy Chair

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

•

As this Department receives a great many more inquiries than it can publish, only such of these as appeal to the Editors as of general interest to the greatest number of Readers are printed.

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

curate's egg, the.—"E. A. P.," Worcester, Mass.—This expression means "taken as a type of something of mixed character (good or bad)." According to *Punch* for November 9, 1895 (p. 222), the phrase originated in a story told of a meek curate who, having been given a stale egg by his episcopal host, stated that "parts of it" were "excellent."

Fauntleroy.—"J. R. P.," Newport, R. I.—The name *Fauntleroy* is pronounced *font'-li-roi* (*o* as in *or*, *i* as in *habit*, *oi* as in *oil*), or *fant'li-roi* (*a* as in *art*, *i* as in *habit*, *oi* as in *oil*).

reverend.—"C. B. F.," Sunbury, Pa.—The use of *reverend* as a noun is often heard in colloquial speech, that is, in the usage cited—"*Reverend*, will you have a chair?"—where the title is used as one would use *Professor* or *Doctor*. The Protestant Church is lacking in titles; hence, the laity, aware that not all pastors have attained doctorates and can not, therefore, all be addressed "Doctor," instinctively feel the need of some substitute for the Catholic "Father," and have converted the adjective *reverend* into an equivalent noun.

Good taste and good speech both demand that the man's name with the plain title *Mr.*—*Mr.* Smith—be substituted in speaking to such a minister. In writing or in speaking of him, one correctly says, "The Reverend Mr. Smith," and "The Reverend John Smith," or, permissibly, "Rev. Mr. Smith," and "Rev. John Smith." But in speaking to him, one should say, "*Mr. Smith*, will you have a chair?"

Ventre.—"L. H. E.," Biloxi, Miss.—The word *Ventre*, as used in the French, "Ventre-saint-gris!" was formerly used figuratively as in oaths, and in various phrases now no longer used. Larousse explains it as "an indefinite locution applied to a number of imaginary saints created for the sake of humor by the fools of the Middle Ages." Saints' names that one finds in certain oaths, particularly in the one familiar to Henry IV (Ventre-saint-gris!) are merely fantastic creations.

Littré suggests that the word *gris*, used figuratively and familiarly, designated "one who was in a state of semidrunkenness." He says: "Etre à moitié ivre," "be half drunk." In giving the etymology of this term, he says: "Provençal *gris*, Low Latin *griseus* (9th century)." Jenin claims that *gris* came from *grec*, but the date of *griseus* does not allow such an etymology. He claimed also that *gris* in the sense of "a little drunk"—that is, having a "still" on—was from the Latin-Greek *graecari*, "to play the Greek; go on a bust." But, in this sense, *gris* is much more recent, and to correctly interpret it, one must see a word used to indicate pleasantly that state which is neither black nor white but lies between. Figuratively, a condition between sense and swillity (??).

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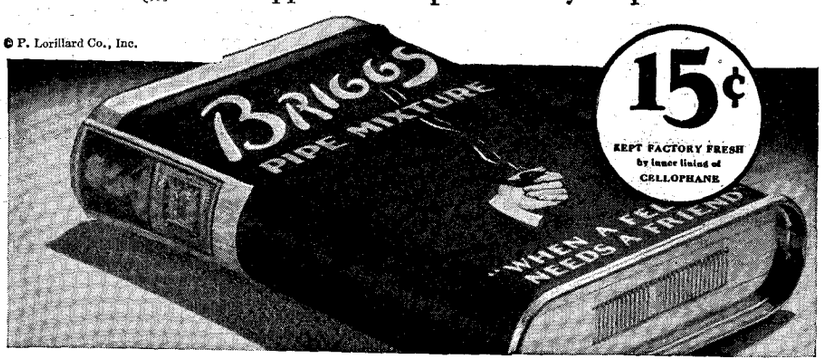

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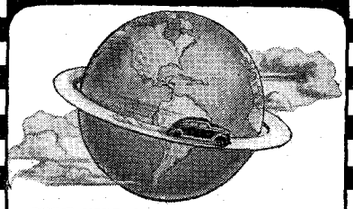

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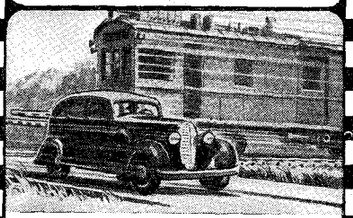

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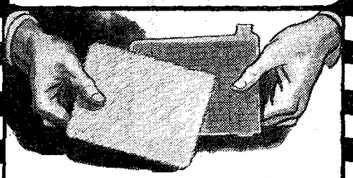

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Off-Side

Free Rides—J. Leon Lazarowitz, "hobo king," tells the railroads that altho they don't know it, he owes them $8,522.80 for trips he's made on the "rods" in the last seventeen years.

* * *

Double Indemnity—Seven months ago, William J. Pringle, Jr., of Altadena, California, paid Lloyds $200 for twin insurance. Last week he collected $5,000. Twins were born to his wife.

* * *

"Streamline it!"—Professors of the Pasadena Community Dance, announce that "streamlined" music will be the successor to "swing" music, but they're not sure yet just what they mean.

* * *

No Joak—A playful crow, frequenter of the Tokyo broadcasting station JOAK, went too far recently. He snatched off a woman's hat one minute, and the cigarette out of a man's mouth the next.

* * *

Fair Enough—To keep his friends quiet, H. J. Griffiths, lover of sunflowers and a good Democrat, placed a huge picture of President Roosevelt on a sign-post and planted it among his sunflowers.

* * *

Fried Pearls—At Long Beach, California, a man ordered his oysters fried and lost a fortune. A jeweler estimated the largest of the forty-one pearls found inside would have been worth $1,000—uncooked.

* * *

Bulls-eye—Jasper Davis, of Fishersville, Virginia, won the title of "spittingest" man in the district. He took a generous chaw of 'baccy from his hip-pocket plug and scored a bulls-eye at 12 feet, 9 inches.

* * *

Deserter—A wounded French poilu went home to visit his parents in August, 1914, and stayed A.W.O.L. Recently he was found in the family attic and arrested as a deserter. He'd been there in hiding for twenty-two years.

* * *

Pecking Away—Frank B. Seaton, of Utica, New York, is asking city fathers for permission to shoot a woodpecker which is "slowly but surely eating his house down." Already it had made a large hole in his roof. Game laws protect woodpeckers.

* * *

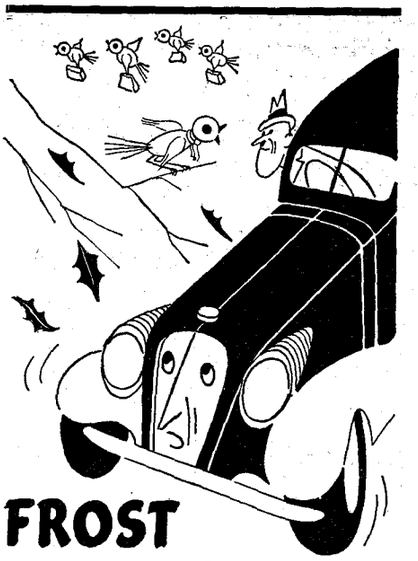
Three Drinks—Campaign expenses listed by Benedict A. Giusti, candidate for Precinct Comitteeman of Yuma, Arizona, read as follows: "One Tom Collins for James McClay, 25 cents; two beers for James Birmingham, 20 cents—total, 45 cents."

* * *

Pardon My Teeth—Mrs. Betty Rice, of Los Angeles, wants a divoree because her husband embarrasses her by asking her to hold his false teeth at unexpected moments. The last straw came when he gave her the teeth to hold while he went to bat in a ball game.

* * *

Stolen House—The owner of an eight-family house in Montreal asked the police to keep an eye on it while he was away. A friend sent word it was being torn down. He called the police. They arrested three men carting away the foundations. The rest had disappeared.



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Religion

MENNONITE TREK: Devotees of Simple Life, Scorning Machine-Age Gadgets, Go South

Whenever Mother Nature or fellow man waxes overly cantankerous, the hardy Mennonite sects scattered over the earth do not blithely turn the other cheek, persevere like most mortals.

Without further ado, they pack up belongings, withdraw bank savings and lumber off in ox-cart or squeaky automobile to more hospitable lands; often they go so hurriedly they leave undisposed-of homes behind. When there is a rift among themselves the chances are a new schism will result. For 400 years, this tendency to "up and go" and break into schisms has brilliantly tinted their otherwise fusty lives.

Last big emigration movement was a decade ago, when 2,700 Canadian Russians deserted their bleak Manitoba wheat-fields for the jungles of El Chaco in Paraguay, South America, known as the "Green Hell." Five years ago, 400 more families from Russia joined them.

New Migration—Last week, North American Mennonites, who first touched these shores in 1663, moved in on the West, were preparing another substantial migration. Reversing this direction, families of a number of United States sects were packing for a trek south to the breezy Gulf regions of Alabama.

Whereas the Canadians left because their land franchise exempting them from military service roused returning World War veterans, the Americans are being ousted by the searing breath of successive prairie droughts.

From Kansas, the parched Dakotas, Minnesota and even Michigan and Ohio, a total of 3,000 of the religionists will for the most part forsake expansive cereal farms for truck gardening on smaller acreage. Chief settlement center is big Baldwin County on Mobile Bay, where already the vanguard of a half-dozen families has moved in, started planting fall crops.

In their new homes, the Mennonites will resume a harried struggle to save from an encroaching modern world the customs and religious tenets handed down by their founders.

It was from Menno Simons, a Dutch priest, that they got these tenets and their name, but to a quartet of Swiss insurgent Protestants they owe their origins.

Militant Anabaptists—Conrad Grebel, Felix Manz, George Blaurock and William Reublin broke with Zwingli, famed Swiss Reformation leader, formed in 1525 the Anabaptists, who favored adult (or believers') rather than infant baptism. Persecuted and banished, this sect grew militant as it spread down the Rhine to the Netherlands, where Simons joined it in 1536.

Soon after, Obbe Philipsz led a seceding peaceful faction of the Anabaptists, made Simons its preacher. Sticking largely to orthodox Christology, Simons rejected terms he could not find in Scripture, limited baptism to the believer, drew his discipline from the Swiss Baptists, prohibited military and civil service, taking of oaths and of life, and forbade marriage and association with outsiders.

Made martyrs by both Protestants and

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WESTERN TRAVEL NEWS

Summer Fares To California All Winter!

As every traveler knows, **Southern Pacific** offers reduced *summer* roundtrip fares across the continent every year. Never before have similar low first-class fares been in effect all *winter*. This winter they are.

From eastern cities to the West (**California, Oregon, Washington, Arizona,** etc.) and from the West to eastern cities, first-class winter roundtrip fares are practically the same as summer ones—a few dollars higher at most. Tickets are on sale from now until May 14 next year, have a return limit of 30 days.

Example: The first-class *summer* roundtrip fare from **Chicago** to **California** and back is **$86.** The *winter* fare is the same. During the same period, reduced coach and tourist roundtrips are also in effect with a return limit of six months.

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For details about the new winter fares and for expert help in planning your trip, write **O. P. Bartlett,** Dept. LD-10, 310 So. Michigan Boulevard, Chicago.

Catholics, the Mennonites clung with iron purpose to their new religion, carried it to the corners of the globe in the endless migrations which persist to to-day.

First actual Mennonite settlement in America was founded in southwestern Delaware by Cornelius Pieter Plockhoy, a Dutch Communist; but it was wiped out by the English. First permanent colony was established by persecuted Germans. Welcomed by William Penn, they settled in Germantown, Pennsylvania, started the sect on a schismatic rampage which has resulted in almost a score of small and large divisions among the 100,000 present-day members.

Oldest Group—Foremost of these are the "Old" or Mennonite Church, oldest and largest (44,000 members in 1935), who still use the "Pennsylvania Dutch" language; the General Conference Mennonite Church (24,000 members), which aims at uniting the sects; the Older Order Amish (7,738 members) which continues to sing the old hymns of the old *Ausbund* of 1571 and tunes which never have been published, and the Mennonite Brethren in Christ (7,000 members), also conservative.

A large number of Menno Simons's followers going to Alabama are members of the Church of God in Christ, a small sect founded in 1859 by John Haldeman, who believed he had the spirit of prophecy. They center in Kansas and the Dakotas.

Characteristic of caution taken in their activities, Mennonite advance agents quietly moved into southern Alabama last spring, bringing instruments to make scientific soil analyses. Among them were the Rev. F. H. Wenger, of Hesston, Kansas, and the Rev. F. C. Fricke, of Greensburg, Kansas.

Fearing land values would soar, they secretly bought up tracts of rich land in Baldwin County. Fronting on Mobile Bay, scene of Farragut's bitter encounter with a Confederate flotilla, this is the Cotton State's largest county, full of home-sites.

Modest Farms—The Mennonites will live on tracts rarely ranging more than forty acres to the family at a cost of from $400 to $700. They are moving from farms commonly of 500 acres and ranging to more than 1,000. In all, advance agents bought approximately 25,000 acres, to be divided according to the special needs of the family groups who specified the type of land and housing facilities they wanted.

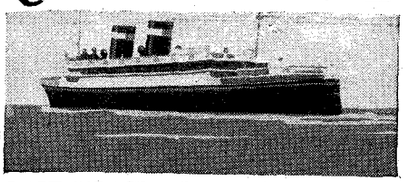
The agents will depend on the brotherliness and good humor of the future tenants to ease them over the difficult task of apportioning this area which they have bought sight-unseen for the sect.

In contrast to the sun-baked, treeless plains of the Upper Mississippi Valley, the newcomers who locate in the swampy, dank bay-front will find the single problem of the farmer is how to keep his patches from "going to grass," which springs out of the marshy ground, growing rank and high enough to cut for hay.

Work With Hoe—There they must adapt themselves to the calculating and close-figuring of the truck farmer on sometimes too-well watered acres. For the tractor, they must substitute the hoe. Instead of praying piously (as they have done so often in the 1934-'36 period) for rain, in their new homes they will sometimes feel like praying for a cessation of the spring and autumn downpours while they struggle with the grass which steals sustenance from their truck patches.

Potatoes will be a principal crop; corn, cucumbers, squashes come next. The only

8600-Mile "Circle Tour" to CALIFORNIA



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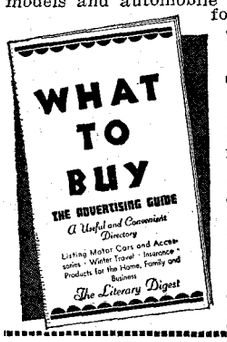

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year-round industry will be poultry raising, which the Mennonites have practised to advantage in the north in dry years.

Bringing with them the qualities of thrift and frugality which farmers everywhere admire, the Mennonites will in many cases retain farms until the price improves.

A rural, sober, quiet and unassuming people with little interest in government or the affairs of outsiders, the Mennonite newcomers will be, as usual, largely self-ruled. In some of their northern communities, men continue to sport untrimmed beards, wear long coats with hooks and eyes in place of buttons, shun suspenders as too worldly; and the women hold close to their long, plain, tight-fitting dresses, made more prim by white aprons, and little capes draped over shoulders, long "slat" bonnets on piously poised heads. And the children dress like their parents.

Songs are sung with melody from words only—printed notes and harmony eschewed as likewise worldly. This is called "einstimmig." Churches are severe in their plainness, with an austerity similar to Quaker services (which they resemble in some ways).

Alabama Welcome—Proud of them as citizens, Alabama expressed its welcome in this editorial in the Birmingham *News:*

"Just when we were wondering why there was not more of an exodus from the drought lands of the Midwest into the abundant, fruitful and empty acres of the South—especially of Alabama—there comes news that 600 families of Mennonites soon will remove from Minnesota and Dakota to set up homes on small farms they have purchased in Baldwin County.

"This is sturdy stock that is coming amongst us, and these families will add much more to our State than population.

"Let Alabamans have a welcome awaiting them, and while we are expressing it, we had better develop a technique for it, for it appears we are going to have plenty of it to do in the next few years."

LUTHERANS MEET: Visiting German Bishops Report Improvement in Home Church Status

To the United States, second pillar of Lutheranism, last week came Bishop August Marahrens of Hanover, head of the German Lutheran Church Council and of the Lutheran World Convention, to attend the first meeting in this country of the Convention's Executive Committee.

Accompanied by Bishop Hans Meiser of Bavaria and Dr. Hans Lilje of Berlin, Convention General Secretary, this leader of the new "compromise group" in the three-year-old Nazi Church-State struggle quickly became extrareligious news by informing American Committee members that this thorny home problem was happily well on the road to solution.

Across a long library-table in New York's staid Lutheran Church House, American headquarters of the denomination, he murmured behind closed doors that "out of the confusion and antagonism" had come the conviction that the Church was vital to the State and that "the spiritual privileges in the Church were of vital importance to the welfare of the citizens."

Almost as he spoke the news service of the National Conference of Jews and Christians put on the desks of 144 newspaper and magazine editors a 2,000-word

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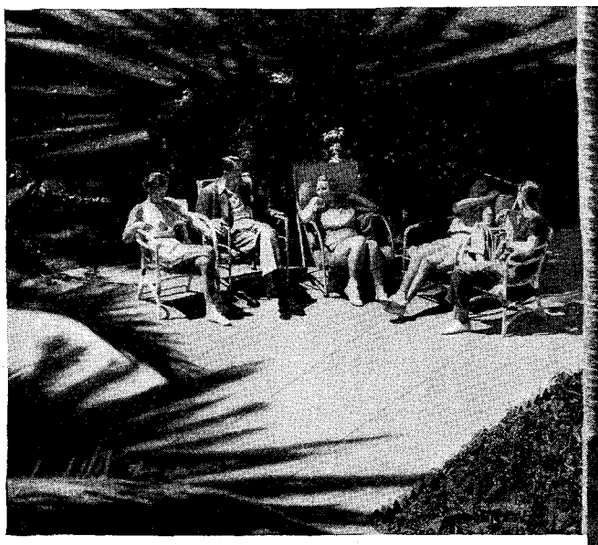

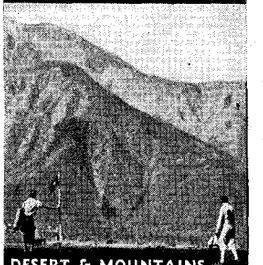

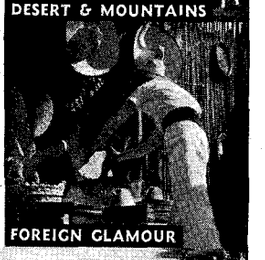

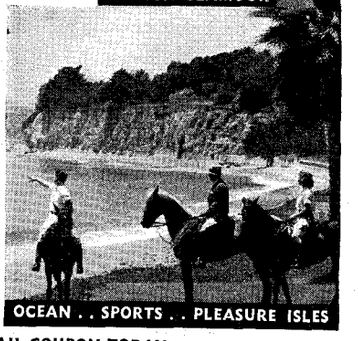

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ATLANTIC CITY

analysis of the German situation by Henry Smith Leiper, Foreign Secretary of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America.

An authority on the subject, Leiper describing the "continuing will to fight" by anti-Hitler churchmen "for the freedom of Christian conscience and to oppose the paganism of the Nazi State," concluded:

"The immediate future is not apt to reveal any sudden changes in the situation. Steady inroads on the Church's control of moral and ethical training, particularly of the young, may be expected. If the present trends continue, there will thus be a quiet undermining of the influence of the church. Already the effects of it are showing in the attitudes of youth.

"Fewer of the finest type of young men are available for theological education. When they do study for the ministry they are increasingly exposed to the influence of men who have made their compromise with Hitlerism, by implication admitting to a place of prophetic leadership both Hitler and [Dr. Alfred] Rosenberg.

"There is no more ground for optimism now than there has been since the tragedy of the Hitler Revolution was first enacted; but there is ground for sober hope and there is reason for admiration and gratitude based on the splendid courage and persistence of the minority in the German churches."

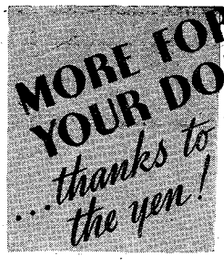
Proposal to Unite—The next day Bishop Marahrens shifted his 300-pound frock-coated bulk, fingered a great gold watch chain and laid before the four Americans of the seven-man committee—the Rev. Dr. Ralph H. Long, Dr. L. W. Boe, Dr. Abdel R. Wentz and Dr. F. J. Knubel—unrevealed proposals to weld the warring German church elements.

Until last spring Bishop Marahrens was head of the Confessional Synod, formed by Lutherans and Reformed Evangelicals who rebelled in 1934 against Nazi regimentation. He withdrew with a group of adherents favoring State domination to form, reputedly with the approval of Hans Kerrl, Hitler's Minister of Church Affairs, the Lutheran Church Council, "middle-of-the-road body." To-day, it represents the largest regional churches, including Bavaria, Wurttemburg and Hanover.

Neopagans—At the other extreme end are the so-called German Christians of Doctor Rosenberg, the supposedly neopaganistic group often referred to as the Nazi wing of German Protestantism. Found now mostly in Thuringia and Mecklenburg, they are fast dwindling in numbers.

Theoretically at the head of all these divisions should be Reichsbishop Ludwig Mueller, friend and appointee of Chancellor Hitler. Officially displaced by Minister Kerrl, Mueller has lost all authority, yet refuses to give up his empty title. To climax his hectic career he has joined a fanatical sect called the National Church. Purpose of it is to merge all German Catholics and Protestants.

In New York, which has more Lutheran churches than Berlin, more Lutheran preachers than Hamburg, the Marahrens "middle-of-the-roaders" get little sympathy for their support of State ties. At last week's conference the American committeemen were frankly unimpressed by their arguments in favor of Government control. The second pillar of Lutheranism—with 4,000,000 of the 80,000,000 world Lutherans—reflected the wide interest shown in the militant Confessional independents by standing squarely for rugged individualism and independence.



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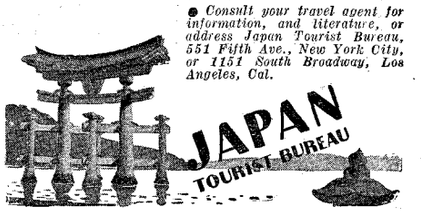

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Radio

CHAMPAGNE TOAST TELEVISED 5 MILES

Britain's Broadcasting House Is Dry, But Experimenters Aren't

© Harris & Ewing

Marconi television "camera" shoots a scene from Alexandra Palace, London

In the radio technician's lexicon, "The Big House" is cockney for Broadcasting House, British Broadcasting Company headquarters in Portland Place, London. "The Big House" is strictly teetotal, no spirits, wines or beers being served in its restaurant and underground café.

Five miles away is Alexandra Palace, exhibition-hall atop Muswell Hill, 306 feet above sea-level. There the B.B.C. has 56,365 square feet of space devoted to experimental television. It is sufficiently remote for champagne to be produced on officially festive occasions.

This week, bumpers of "bubbly" were hoisted in salute to thirsty B.B.C. head men in the dry "Big House," five miles from Alexandra Palace. From a 220-foot tapering lattice of steel, spider-webbed with criss-crossed copper wire, built on top of an eighty-foot tower on the Palace, signals of sight hummed along on a wavelength of 6.67 meters and sound-waves crackled on 7.23 meters.

Huddled before eight cubicles in the "Big House," eyes glued to pale green screens twelve by ten inches, B.B.C. officials saw their mocking colleagues toast their success. Other sights, too, came to them across roofs and chimney-pots.

Lions Perform—Four keepers from the zoo in Regent's Park jumped twelve lions through hoops and one bold trainer put his defenseless head in the gaping maw of a black-maned king of beasts. Aristocratic Harrow School boys swapped punches in the resined circle. Thwack of leather on chin and shouts of "break" from Capt. A. D. F. Thomason, Sportsmaster, were synchronized by screen and speaker.

Ballet-dancers pirouetted and orchestras ground out symphonies while experts adjusted the fourteen control-gadgets of the newly-simplified receivers, costing from £30 to £80 ($300-$400).

Trees, houses, a railway line and a pond slithered across the screen as, on Tuesday, the first opening of a fair (North London Exhibition) was seen by television. Leslie Mitchell, B.B.C. announcer chosen for his robustious masculinity, appeared as a head-and-shoulder portrait in ordinary black and white, tho his cheeks were light yellow, eyelids green, brows jet black, nose yellow, lips brown and nostrils red—the "telegenic" (easily televised) face.

Two rival television systems are being tested as the B.B.C. spends a £1,000,000 appropriation. One is the Electrical & Musical Industries, Ltd. (EMI-Marconi) apparatus, corresponding in some respects to that being tested by the Radio Corporation of America (LITERARY DIGEST, Sept. 12). EMI-Marconi uses its Emitron camera, shooting scenes directly, just as a wireless-key pounds out dots and dashes.

Swift Transmission — The other system hinges on John Logie Baird's equally ingenious camera and transmitter, in which half-size motion-picture film is exposed, developed, washed, "scanned" and transmitted—all in half a minute. The mop-haired Scottish inventor started research a decade ago with carpenter's tools, vacuum tube and a few electromagnets.

His first successful apparatus was made from old bicycle parts, cocoa-tins, a circle of cardboard cut from a hat-box, sixteen cheap bull's-eye lenses and a selenium cell with a pierced cardboard disk mounted on a spindle to act as a receiver. His first star performer was a ventriloquist's dummy.

That equipment cost seven shillings eightpence ($1.90) and is in the Science Museum at Kensington. To-day's £80-sets may be museum-pieces to-morrow. That's why British and American firms say "not this year" to inquiries from laymen wanting to buy television receivers. They don't want them in museums yet awhile.

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John L. Baird with his historic "tin-can" transmitter and "star performer"

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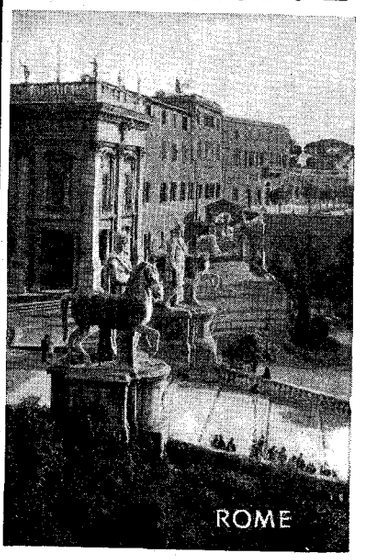

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You may spend a far more *comfortable* winter if you begin to build good general resistance *now*

There may no longer be a need to go through some of the discomfort of past winters! This year make an effort to prepare yourself *ahead.*

January and February are the months you're most likely to be affected. These are the "peak months" for winter discomforts, according to recent findings.

Often, the reason so many people fail to get through this season in comfort is because they've used up their reserve forces during the first bad weather, and by January their general *resistance* is low.

The sensible thing for you, then, is to take precautions this year in advance. Start with *Adex!* It will help you build good general resistance, a little every day.

With Adex, you get the benefits of Vitamin A, a known help toward good general resistance. Also extra 'sunshine' Vitamin D for this trying season.

To prepare Adex only *natural* sources of the vitamins are used, such as good cod liver oil and halibut liver oil.

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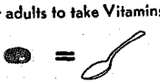

One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil

Wings

FLYING TEST-TUBE GOES OVERWEATHER

Air-Liners Prepare to Fly With Ease Through Substratosphere

Inside the giant four-engined monoplane, the temperature is 68 degrees. The heated cabin's air, pepped up by oxygen, has sea-level density, so the fifty passengers may breathe easily.

Good thing, too, for the temperature outside is 30 degrees below zero, as the ship skims along at 300 miles an hour, in atmosphere so rarefied that it would not sustain life. For the plane is 35,000 feet up.

The substratosphere may be just a technical term to laymen, yet, only two years from now, Americans may be flying through it with the greatest of ease, and in complete comfort. Its commercial possibilities are so vast that air-lines keep under armed guard the secrets of the argosies they are building for the little-known upper air.

Before the month is over, aeronauts may know a great deal more about the substratosphere. Transcontinental & Western Air has spent $350,000 converting a low-wing, all-metal, single-engined monoplane into a flying test-tube. At sea-level, the 770-horse-power motor of this airgoing proving-ground scoots the plane along at 200 miles an hour; at 30,000 feet, the top speed is 300, for the air's resistance at that height has decreased greatly.

New Tactics—Sometimes storms keep air-liners grounded. TWA thinks it has the answer to bad weather: Overweather*. This new word for the lexicographer definitely indicates TWA's plans for the future. Simply stated, it means that future flight-schedules call for altitudes above all storms.

Taking up substratosphere research where the late Wiley Post left off, Lt. Com. D. W. ("Tommy") Tomlinson, who holds the transcontinental transport-plane speed-record of eleven hours and five minutes, is conducting a series of research flights for TWA at heights in excess of 30,000 feet.

*The word "overweather" as applied is copyrighted by Transcontinental & Western Air, Inc.

If, this month, newspapers and the radio tell of a plane screeling across this continent in ten hours, or climbing higher than ever before, readers and listeners will know that the former leader of the Navy's aerobatic "Sea Hawks" is "over the weather." If there are reports of a plane taking off at Newark Air-port, climbing out of sight and reappearing at Union Air Terminal, Burbank, California, it will be certain that TWA's flight engineer has charted wind-strata blowing just the opposite to the prevailing westerly drift.

Daring Briton—Last week, a Britisher, Squadron-Leader F. R. D. Swain, thirty-three-year-old Royal Air Force test-pilot, made stratosphere history by soaring to 49,967 feet, but nearly lost his life in coming down. When he had descended to breathable air, he couldn't open his sealed cabin's sliding roof. He saved his life by slashing open his helmet, letting in the air. In the stratosphere he breathed oxygen through a tube let into the helmet; at lower levels, this life-giving gas stifled him.

This is not likely to happen to "Tommy" and his colleague, James Heistand, TWA development engineer. They wear only thin summer clothing, for the observer's compartment and pilot's cockpit are heated.

Simple Headgear—"Tommy" wears no helmet, merely covering his head with a handkerchief knotted at each corner. This improvised flying-helmet is used to protect the head from the sun's bright glare in a cloudless substratosphere. The radiomicrophone, through which he keeps in touch with the earth, is fastened before his mouth. A tube is hitched over his left shoulder and into the corner of his mouth. Through this he breathes oxygen while talking to the groundsmen by radio, leaving his hands free to guide the joy-stick and adjust thirty-six instruments and gadgets needed for his high-flying research to help design to-morrow's planes.

"Tommy" in the cockpit of TWA's experimental substratosphere plane

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Sports

COLLEGE GOLD-MINE:

Issue of Aid to Football Players Netting $14,000,000 Arises Again

"Say, they've got some team at *Whoosis* this year!"

"Yeah, they ought to. They paid enough for it."

With stylistic variations, undergraduates "in the know" and people who never even saw a goal-post will probably repeat that ancient dialog several million times before America's sixty-eighth college football season pulls up stakes two months hence.

As in the case of Mark Twain's weather, none of them will do anything about it. But, whether based on the "inside dope" or just plain cynicism, their stale wisecracks hit at a condition that this year may balloon into another major crisis in college football's stormy saga.

Harvest of Millions—To the casual observer, wise in the ways of big business, there is sufficient evidence of skullduggery of some sort in the bare fact that the game's 22,500 participants bring in to 750 colleges an estimated net profit of more than $14,000,000. And all in less than three months.

The surmise is correct. Even before the game blossomed out into six figures, recruiting and subsidizing of players were a commonplace. From the turtle-neck sweater days, when one man sometimes played for two or three teams under assumed names, through the hectic, slightly more subtle raccoon-coat era of the twenties, proselyting passed through a steady evolution, finally getting itself a public black eye in 1929.

With the publication that year of the now celebrated Carnegie Foundation Bulletin Number Twenty-three, vague speculation became an embarrassing reality. Out of one hundred and twelve colleges and universities in the United States and Canada, the Foundation's investigators gave a clean ticket to only twenty-eight. In all the others, they reported at least some evidence of jobs, loans, scholarships or "miscellaneous assistance" given to athletes.

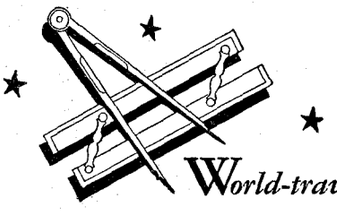
General Conclusion—In the raging tempest that followed publishing of the so-called "purity list," little mention was given to one significant paragraph concerning the twenty-eight "white" colleges: "At some, the temptations to subsidize are less strong than at others.

"At some, there has been subsidizing in the past. Of any one it is impossible to say that there will not be subsidizing in the future. Possibly, also, at the time of the field visit subsidizing existed without being discovered. . . ."

Whatever the circumstances, Bulletin Twenty-three threw an unprecedented jolt into American college sport. Of small consolation was the Bulletin's optimistic observation that "there can be little doubt that the evils of soliciting and subsidizing athletes have diminished over the last twenty-five, twenty, or even fifteen years."

Whether the reverberations of the Carnegie bombshell have had lasting effect is doubtful.

"Since the Carnegie report on athletics there has been an improvement of conditions in some localities and conferences," says Chancellor E. H. Lindley of the University of Kansas. "But I agree with a



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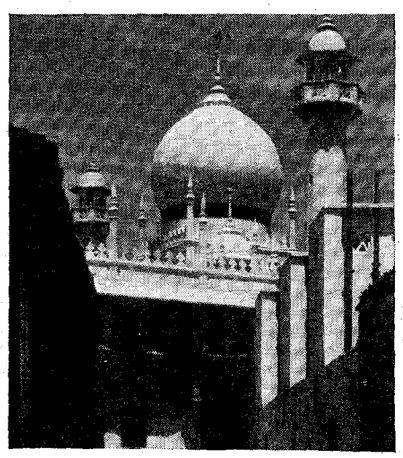

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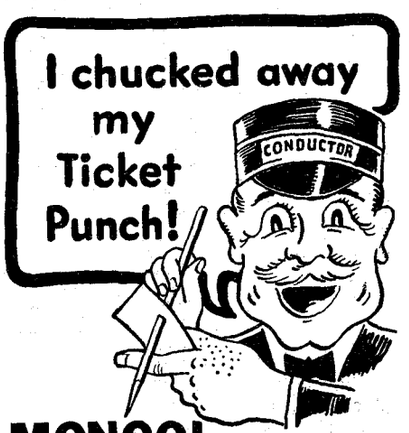

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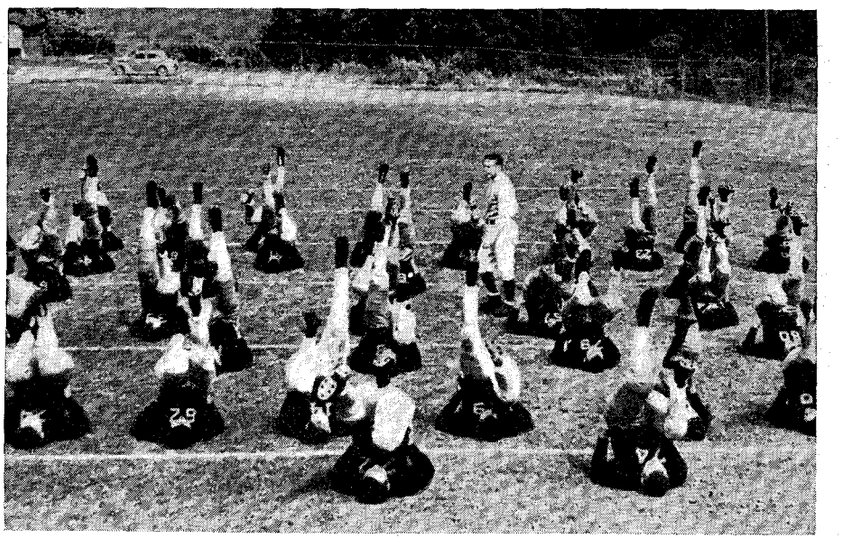

Acme

Anything but flat on their backs: college players will probably earn $14,000,000 this year

recent statement of the Carnegie Foundation that in general conditions are worse than in 1929."

Just how much worse conditions are struck many an American newspaper reader one October morning last year when front pages blazed with a speech by Gov. Martin L. Davey, of Ohio, seeking to prevent Ohio State University from obtaining legislative nullification of the $1,266,500 cut he made in its biennial appropriation.

Satiric Governor—"As far as the football season is concerned," said Governor Davey, "we are all extremely interested in its success. We recognize the fact that football has become the supreme purpose of education. We have certainly done our part, because we have most of the football squad on the State pay-roll."

Horrified that such gigantic subsidization should exist on its very doorstep, the Western (Big Ten) Conference ordered two investigations. Vainly, Governor Davey explained it was all "satire" and "subtle humor" inspired by exaggerated predictions that his appropriation slash would close the University in ten days and force Ohio State to abandon its Big Ten and National Championship hopes.

Inquiry Findings—The investigating committees found that fifteen football men were on the State pay-roll, but reported they had gotten their appointments through their own initiative, were paid no more than non-athletes, received no special privileges, and did work so arranged that it would not interfere with classes.

Roars for the closing games of the 1935 season had scarcely died down before another flurry of charges and counter-accusations brightened football-loaded sports pages. No sarcasm this time, they came from Prof. George Owen, of Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Father of one of the greatest back-field players ever graduated from Harvard, George Owen, Jr., Professor Owen told the Cambridge Industrial Association that Notre Dame, Ohio State and every other major college in the country was guilty of football commercialism.

Wage of $1,000—The ordinary wage paid by colleges for a promising football player, he said, was "$1,000 or a soft job that is the merest sham to cover the real transaction."

"I advocate hiring college athletes just like you would hire ordinary laborers. I would be honest. The public doesn't care who the players are or where they come from."

Ohio State and Notre Dame wired demands that he prove his statements or take them back. Professor Owen returned vague apologies, went on the next day to take another crack at Notre Dame and other colleges, and wound up with an indictment of the annual Rose Bowl Game in Pasadena, California, recommending that it either be put on with a professional cast, or that the college players be cut in for their share of the $1,000,000 gate.

Climaxing a season and postseason crackling with denunciation and defense of subsidizing methods in American colleges, the Southeastern Conference, a day after Professor Owen's verbal fireworks spluttered out, took the most radical stand on the question in football's history.

Official Aid—Meeting at Atlanta, Georgia, eleven of the thirteen Conference members approved an amendment to recognize athletic ability in the assignment of financial aid to students. One member opposed the amendment, refusing to comment. The other dissenter did not vote.

"Athletic ability should receive consideration in determining student values and in the assignment of scholarships, loans and opportunities for remunerative work," the amendment read, "with the understanding that such assistance shall never be granted primarily as a reward for athletic services."

The "aid," Conference members made clear, is not to exceed in amount the "legitimate expense" of attending the institution, as represented by tuition, board and lodging, books and fees.

To prevent abuse of the awards, "a regular faculty committee must grant the assistance and the records of such aid must be open to the inspection of the administrative officers of the institution and officers of the Southeastern Conference. Athletes must be held to the same scholastic requirements that have been established by the member institutions for other scholarships."

Head of the Conference, which includes Alabama, Auburn, Florida, Georgia Tech, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana State, Mississippi State, Mississippi, Sewanee, Tennessee, Tulane and Vanderbilt, Dr. John J. Tigert, President of the University of Florida, pointed out the advantages of such a plan at the annual banquet.

"It occurs to me that much of the difficulty under which we now labor might '

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removed," he said, "if we recognize that students who meet the criteria and standards of scholarship and character which are ordinarily required of those who are not athletes, may accept financial assistance at least equal to their college expenses, even tho they happen to be athletes.

"I realize that this kind of provision would be subject to abuse, and possibly some students would receive compensation beyond their expenses and others might not really measure up to the high standards which might be set up for this kind of assistance.

"On the whole, I believe that such a policy would remove considerable pretense that may now exist and which we have found impossible to eradicate because of inability to rigidly apply the present regulations."

Whether the Southeastern Conference plan will be a success, or whether it will merely legalize, as some of its more imaginative critics claim, a Hollywoodish farce in which football players draw down their "legitimate expenses" by sweeping out gymnasium floors once a month, or tending never-used furnaces, remains one of the still-unrevealed high lights of the 1936 season. So far, few college officials outside the Southeastern Conference itself have approved the idea.

Scheme Blasted—Two weeks after it was announced, the National Collegiate Athletic Association blasted the scheme as a serious threat to amateur sport.

The most vigorous challenge to the Southeastern Conference's plan took the form of another resolution, equally unprecedented, adopted by the Southern Conference, and in direct contrast to it.

Instead of condoning financial aid to athletes, the Southern Conference, which includes such potent schools as Washington and Lee, Duke, North Carolina and Virginia, outlaws all direct athletic aid, and makes any member violating the regulations liable to suspension for at least two years.

Testing Season—Named for Dr. Frank P. Graham, President of the University of North Carolina, one of its six original sponsors, the Graham Plan will have its first test this year. In striking contrast to the Southeastern Conference amendment, the regulations specifically state that "any student, who, as a consideration for his athletic ability or promise of athletic ability, receives, or is to receive any preferential consideration in the matter of tuition, fees, room, board, clothes, books, charge-account, job, loan, scholarship, or any other financial aid or consideration whatever," from any source, "is ineligible to represent the institution in an intercollegiate contest."

Curbs Applied—Members of the athletic staff have no voice in disposition of loans, scholarships, jobs or other "aid," and, on their honor, are bound to "discourage any unfair or questionable recruiting by alumni, students, or other persons."

To President Graham, Harvard's President, Dr. James B. Conant, wrote:

"Unless the colleges take a strong stand . . . and show that they still regard educational institutions as educational institutions and not as auxiliaries to professionalism in athletics, the American people will certainly turn against them. In the long run this professionalism will defeat itself, of course, by making the whole situation ridiculous. My only fear is that before that time arrives irreparable damage may have been done to the cause of education."

You'll come to this!

Wherever electrical current is available, it is only a question of time when every man who shaves will use a Schick Shaver.

The Schick shaves closely and quickly. (Three to five minutes is the average time for a Schick user.) You cannot possibly cut nor scrape yourself, for the Schick has no blades. Neither do you use lather or any facial preparation!

Start now with the Schick. Every day you wait is one day lost to complete shaving comfort and satisfaction.

Any Schick dealer will demonstrate it for you. (Price $15.) If none is near you, write to Dept. J.

SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD CONN. Western Distributor: Edises, Inc., San Francisco. In Canada, Henry Birks & Sons, Ltd., and other leading stores. (Canadian price, $16.50.)

SCHICK SHAVER

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FOOT PAINS?

Tired, aching feet, rheumatic-like foot and leg pains, cramped toes, callouses, sore heels, weak ankles — are usually the result of weak or fallen arches.

Dr. Scholl's Arch Supports give immediate comfort in any properly fitted shoe, and after the arches are restored to normal they no longer need be worn. Sold and expertly adjusted by leading Shoe and Department stores everywhere. $1.00 pair up.

For booklet on causes and treatment of foot troubles, write Dr. Scholl's, 485 West Schiller Street, Chicago, Ill.

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FOOT COMFORT APPLIANCES AND REMEDIES FOR ALL FOOT TROUBLES

How to Improve Your Conversation

By GRENVILLE KLEISER

Author of "A Complete Guide to Public Speaking," "How to Speak in Public," etc., and Correspondence Courses in Good English and Public Speaking.

Tells how to be a good listener as well as a good talker: discusses the cultivation of a pleasing voice, the importance of giving children a mastery of cultured speech, etc. A complete guide. $2.00; By Mail, $2.14.

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YOU'LL BE EXCITED OVER MIDWEST'S DIAL-A-MATIC TUNING AND ELECTRIK-SAVER

Your radio enjoyment is doubled with Dial-A-Matic Tuning, the amazing new Midwest feature that makes this radio practically tune itself. Now, even a child can bring in ten perfectly tuned programs in ten seconds! It's a big thrill to whirl the dial...and then hear the stations you want...come in instantly, automatically, perfectly.

New 1937 AIR-TESTED 5-BAND 16-Tube MIDWEST Radio

ONLY $49.95 COMPLETE WITH GIANT THEATRE-SONIC SPEAKER (LESS TUBES)

TERMS AS LOW AS 10¢ A DAY

30 Days FREE Trial!

SEND for big FREE 40-page 1937 Midwest catalog . . . before you buy any radio . . . and see for yourself why scores of thousands of radio purchasers have saved up to 50% by ordering the Midwest factory-to-you way since 1920.

Once again, Midwest demonstrates its leadership by offering this amazingly beautiful, bigger, better, more powerful, 16-tube, 5-band world-wide radio—a startling achievement that makes the whole world your radio playground. Outperforms $150 radios on point-for-point comparison. Powerful Triple-Twin Tubes (two tubes in one) give 20-tube results.

BECOME YOUR OWN RADIO DEALER

Save the jobber's-retailer's profits that often amount to 50% of ordinary retail prices. Become your own radio dealer and buy at wholesale prices direct from the Midwest factory. Never before so much radio for so little money. Why pay more?

Electrik-Saver

Exclusive Midwest feature cuts radio wattage consumption 50%...results in Midwest using no more current than ordinary 7-tube sets—and to operate on voltages as low as 80 volts.

A COMPARISON CONVINCED ME I SHOULD HAVE A MIDWEST. IT IS A SPLENDID PERFORMER. (PARAMOUNT FEATURED PLAYER) Fred MacMurray

This super deluxe Midwest radio is so amazingly selective, so delicately sensitive, that it brings in distant foreign stations with full loud speaker volume on channels adjacent to powerful locals. Scores of marvelous Midwest features, many of them exclusive, make it easy to parade the nations of the world before you. You can switch instantly from American programs . . . to Canadian, amateur, commercial, airplane and ship broadcasts . . . to the finest, most fascinating world-wide foreign programs.

Before you buy any radio, send for big FREE 40-page catalog—and take advantage of Midwest's sensational factory-to-you values. You have a year to pay and terms as low as 10c per day — and you secure the privilege of 30 days' FREE trial in your own home. In addition you are triply protected with Foreign Reception Guarantee, One-Year Warranty and Money-Back Guarantee.

MAIL COUPON TODAY for Free 30-DAY TRIAL OFFER and 40-PAGE FOUR-COLOR Free CATALOG

MIDWEST RADIO CORPORATION
Dept. D-86, Cincinnati, Ohio

Without obligation on my part, send me your new FREE catalog and complete details of your liberal 30-day FREE trial offer. This is NOT an order.

Special offer and prices prevail only when dealing direct with factory by mail.

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POWER POKER GAME AT WHITE HOUSE

Government and Utilities Hold Aces Until After Election

On a drizzly afternoon last week half a dozen taxicabs rolled up to the White House, deposited one J. P. Morgan and Co. partner, one top-flight industrialist, the President of the South's vastest utility system, sundry utility and Federal Power Commission and TVA bigwigs.

Rarely since the Hoover pep-talk days had so formidable an array of industrial brain-power descended concertedly on a President.

Through the cream-colored lobby where newsmen lounged and into the oval executive office, the utility men, bankers, officials marched, seated themselves.

Informal Gathering—The President fingered the donkey and elephant toys perched in amiable proximity on his gadget-cluttered desk. He bantered informally with Owen D. Young (Chairman of the Board, General Electric), Wendell R. Willkie (President, Commonwealth & Southern Corp.), with Thomas Lamont (Vice-President, J. P. Morgan and Co.), with David E. Lilienthal, of the TVA.*

Then the President lighted a fresh cigarette, sailed into the subject closest his heart: mass-distribution of cheap power, and specifically the possibility of pooling electric energy in southeastern States to supply consumers with abundant low-cost electrical energy. Substantially this would mean the pooling of TVA power and transmission facilities with those of Commonwealth & Southern, giant utility which services, through operating subsidiaries, 2,900 Southern communities.

Poker—Thus behind closed doors and in an atmosphere of informal Roosevelt jovialty the conferees opened a dead earnest poker game for Gargantuan stakes: the life of TVA itself and the life also of private utilities directly under the sphere of TVA.

The President at once limited the White House discussion to the possibility of pooling public and private power facilities, thus ducked a commitment which utility officials and investors throughout the country were anxious to hear: that the Government would ease its drive for publicly generated electrical energy. By limiting the discussion, the President also shifted to lieutenants the most immediate and vital phase of the tilt: negotiation of an agreement to sell TVA power to utilities to supplant the contract which expires November 3.

Little News—For impatient reporters, conferees emerging from the President's office had little important news. Out first strolled Thomas Lamont.

"Well it seems nice to be here again," he observed.

"Without going before an investigation committee?" a newsman asked.

"Without being investigated," smiled Mr. Lamont.

Frank R. McNinch, Power Commission Chairman, and Wendell Willkie, Commonwealth & Southern's chief, trooped out together, distributed a typed statement:

"It appeared from the discussion of experience here and abroad that there might be savings in the pooling of transmission which would be beneficial. . . . Consequently, it was agreed that during the next few weeks there would be explored further and in detail these possibilities. In the meantime the TVA and the Commonwealth & Southern Corporation are to see whether they could not agree on an extension of the present agreement between them."

In the last sentence of the statement, reporters knew, lay the seeds of the biggest news story of all, for from the type of agreement reached with Commonwealth & Southern, observers could gage whether the New Deal meant to advance or retreat.

In the expiring agreement the Government and Commonwealth & Southern had signed a "stand-off" clause binding themselves to refrain from invading each other's territory. Private utility officials, in constant fear of Federal encroachment, would seek to manacle the Government, bar it from duplicating service already provided.

Investors (individual and investment companies) holding some $2,000,000,000 of bonds and stocks in Tennessee Valley utilities, watched as Government and utility men prepared for a showdown. Would the utilities call the Government's bluff, resist a new agreement on New Deal terms?

No less anxiously did yardstick power advocates watch the contest. Would Roosevelt choose to come to grips at once with private power interests or surrender his cherished TVA program?

Government Aces—In the Government's poker hand, New Dealers felt were these aces: (1) TVA is now ready to compete directly with the power companies, to transmit electricity over lines duplicating those of private utilities. With PWA funds the Government has subsidized local distribution systems, thus ousting private utilities. (2) The drought had dried up streams feeding private power plants, forcing private companies to buy from TVA. Should the New Deal refuse to sign an agreement and bar private companies from TVA energy, the utilities might have to invest heavily in new plant facilities and, meanwhile, perhaps turn away customers.

Private Aces—In the utilities' hands were these aces: (1) The New Deal had admitted before the Supreme Court that TVA would be unconstitutional as a power project, contended it is primarily for navigation, not for power. The utilities feel they can show the Supreme Court that TVA is primarily a power project, thus scotch the entire Government project. (2) The Government's entrance into direct competition with private enterprise would arouse a storm of criticism, alienate voter-stockholders who already blame Roosevelt for depressing prices of their utility shares.

Studying the "hands" held both by the Government and the utilities, impartial observers expected a temporary truce and an almost certain postponement of a showdown until after the election.

*Others present were: Preston S. Arkwright (President, Georgia Power Co.), Frederic A. Delano (National Resources Committee), A. E. Morgan (Chairman TVA), Morris L. Cooke (Administrator, Rural Electrification Administration), Frank R. McNinch and Basil Manly (both from the Federal Power Commission), Samuel Ferguson (Chairman, Hartford Electric Light Co.), Alexander Sachs (Lehman Corporation) and Louis Brandeis Wehle (attorney and nephew of Supreme Court Justice Brandeis).

© Harris & Ewing

Power pool: Frank McNinch and Wendell Willkie talked to the President about jumping in

GIVE-AWAYS: Premium Men Look Forward to $500,000,000 Sales of "Free" Merchandise

No niggardly suitor is American business. Annually, on the nation's housewives, it lavishes half a billion dollars in gifts.

Last week, matrons bustling through Times Square might have dropped into the Hotel Astor, peeked at the presents with which 9,000-odd manufacturers, food processors and service industries will woo them this winter and spring. There, at the yearly Atlantic Coast Premium Buyers Exposition, 110 makers and distributors had spread some 3,000 alluring give-away articles ranging from beer coasters, linen napkins, bubble pipes, to whistling tea kettles, china sets, radios, outboard motors.

Generosity Pays—To the 2,000 manufacturers' representatives and others who scouted the exhibition for gifts that would boost sales of cake flour, furniture, cigarettes, soda pop and insurance policies, exhibitors hammered away at one central idea: It's smart to be generous.

Convincingly, they related how last year Lever Brothers sold 34,000,000 Lux soap

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NEW Writing Points..

NEVER BEFORE AVAILABLE

A wider variety of points than any other pen — 12 styles, accurately graded and numbered so you can always duplicate any point.

First fountain pen with Re-New-Point feature. To keep your pen as new as the day you bought it, simply unscrew it and put in a new one yourself. Re-New-Points, only 25 cents.

The only Solid Duracrome point—Esterbrook's new pen point metal. Better than gold for pen points, yet less expensive. Try this practical pen at your stationer's.

COMPLETE FOUNTAIN PENS $1.00 and up

RE-NEW-POINTS keep your pen as new as the day you bought it. 25c ea.

Prices slightly higher in Canada.

Esterbrook FOUNTAIN PEN

World's Greatest Pen Makers since 1858

"First Aid for the Bewildered Woman

who wants to express her personality in her clothes and so manage her attire as to bring out her good points and camouflage her poor ones and does not know how to go about it," remarks *The New York Times* speaking of

INDIVIDUALITY and CLOTHES

By Margaret Story

Cloth bound, Illustrated, 480 pages. $3.50; $3.68, *by mail*

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, 354 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK

Do You Have To GROPE *blindly* for WORDS?

Every great writer, every dynamic speaker, has achieved power by knowing how to use the right word at the right time. You, too, can enrich your vocabulary by using this comprehensive and practical reference book:

ENGLISH SYNONYMS
ANTONYMS and PREPOSITIONS

by James C. Fernald, L.H.D. Makes clear the exact shade of meaning of more than 8000 synonyms. Also lists 4000 antonyms. It puts at your command the wonderful richness and variety of the English language.

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354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Send a copy of English Synonyms on approval. I'll either return it in 5 days or remit $2.39. Dept. A.2

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cakes by giving away that most ancient of premiums—pictures; how Coca-Cola, normally a summer drink, bolstered winter sales by selling a $6 Dover de luxe electric iron for $1.95 to bargain-wise housewives who purchased 24-bottle cases of Coca-Cola. In a month, housewives gobbled up 250,000 Dover *de luxe* electric irons; their families sipped 6,000,000 bottles of Coca-Cola.

Large Users—Premium exhibitors lavished their most alluring wares and best salesmanship on the big-time, consistent users of the products of advertising merchandisers: Libby-McNeill-Libby (Hawaiian pineapple, canned fruits, vegetables), Brown and Williamson Tobacco Corp. (Raleighs, Kools), Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co. (Palmolive soap, Super-Suds, Colgate dental cream), Quaker Oats Co. (Quaker Oats, Puffed Rice), General Mills, Inc. (To boost sales of Wheaties, General Mills in two months distributed 7,000,000 Shirley Temple cereal bowls; for two packages of Wheaties, one bowl.)

Premium men guard as secrets their sales to premium users, so as not to divulge merchandising campaign plans before they are ripe. It is no secret, however, that four unidentified corporations this year plan to spend more than $1,000,000 each on premiums. One will buy $5,000,000 worth of clocks, dictionaries, books, handkerchiefs, chromium ware (popular this year); another has made a deal for $3,000,000 of glassware, kitchen utensils. These sums will not replace or pinch regular advertising appropriations.

Something for Nothing:—Eighty-five years ago, in Babbitt, New Jersey, B. T. Babbitt gave up selling soap by the pound, packaged it in wrappers, invited soap users to return wrappers, receive gaily colored pictures free. Soap sales shot upward.

Other merchandisers pounced on Babbitt's idea, invented wrinkles of their own. To lure women, men, youngsters and shrewd shopkeepers, producers gave premiums outright: with a dining-room set, a clock or kitchenware; with a new Easter suit, a dollar timepiece.

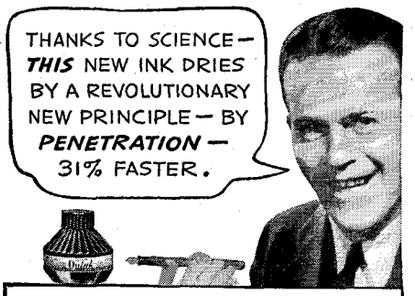
Some business men, loath to part with premiums outright, sold them at bargain prices: a $1 cake dish for a quarter, $2 roller skates for 89 cents. Some evolved coupons, certificates, trading stamps which could be saved and eventually translated into serving-trays, picture-frames, carpet-sweepers.

Big Business—By the early 1900's, the manufacture and distribution of advertising merchandise—trade name for premiums—had blossomed into an industry. It spoke its own trade jargon, published its own trade papers. Later, the industry boasted its own trade organization—the Premium Advertising Association of America—composed of makers, sellers and users of premiums.

Annually, the industry holds two shows, a big exhibit at Chicago in the summer, a lesser one in New York City in the fall. (This year, New York exposition registration crept up on the Chicago show, was only 25 per cent. short of equaling it.)

To check their premium theories against actual consumer reaction, premium men this year invited six housewives from New York City suburbs to tell users what was right (or wrong) with their premiums. For an hour, advertising men and manufacturers answered questions, dodged critical brickbats.

Complaints—Resolutely, a slight housewife from White Plains, New York, brandished



Use This Quick-Drying Ink —Throw Your Blotters Away

This announces a marvelous new discovery in writing ink—an ink with a special affinity for paper that makes it dry 31% faster. It dries *by penetration*, so fast you can throw your blotters away—yet because it *resists evaporation*—it doesn't dry in a pen. Its name is Quink.

And here's another remarkable and unique thing about Quink: Created by the Parker Pen Company at a cost of $68,000 to guard the famous Parker Pens from pen-clogging inks, Quink contains a secret harmless ingredient that actually *dissolves* caked-up sediment left in your pen by ordinary inks. Thus it ends clogging—makes any pen—a Parker or any other—a self-cleaner. Quink cleanses as it writes—makes a pen start instantly—every time.

Thousands of people are switching to Quink every day. For office and commercial records, documents, etc., they use PERMANENT Quink—it's as permanent as the paper. For school and home, they use WASHABLE Quink, because if spilled on hands, clothes or rugs, it washes out without trace.

Get a bottle of Quink today. It's not a watery ink—but rich and full-bodied. And it has a brilliancy of color that will make your writing distinctive. Once you try Quink you'll never go back to using old-fashioned ink again.

The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wis.

Parker Quink

Made by The Makers of The Celebrated Parker Pens

QUARTERLY INCOME SHARES

Prospectus on request
from your investment dealer

LAW STUDY AT HOME

Be more successful. Earn $3,000 to $10,000 annually. We guide you step by step — furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 64-page "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW.

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RELIEF From Distress After Eating —Colds, Sleeplessness

Enjoy living by enjoying your meals.

AL-C-DO (The Antacid Alkalizer) concentrated tablets are very helpful in relieving gas, heartburn, sourness and stomach discomfort, headaches, colds and sleeplessness. Not a laxative, not habit-forming. Pleasant to take. No water required. Carry them with you at all times in our sanitary, light, unbreakable package. Inexpensive, yet efficient. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

EAT Anything -no distress -no discomfort

Send 25c. for generous size package, mailed postpaid.

CHARLES R. DOANE (Established 1878)
Dept. R, 1191 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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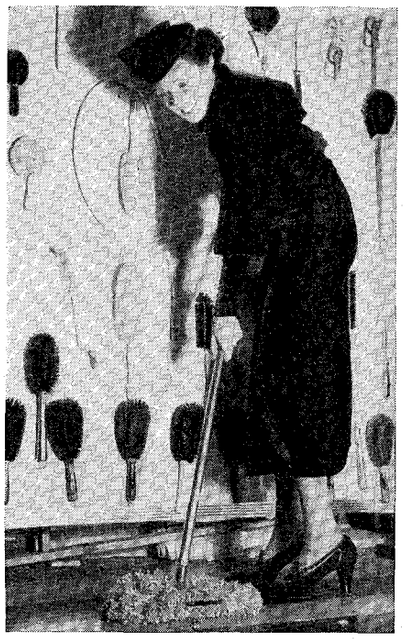
a small kitchen knife and fork before the premium men. The diminutive set had been sent to her as a carving set, she pouted. Angrily, she charged that she could have purchased the articles in a five-and-ten-cent store; instead, had laid out 25 cents and a coupon from a package bought at her grocery store.

Other housewife conferees disclosed that they often check similar merchandise at retail shops before sending for articles advertised as premiums. Most disconcerting was a New Rochelle matron's opinion: many premium offers aroused her suspicion concerning the quality of the merchandise. Reassuringly, however, most housewives, declared that they liked to write for premiums, and most often found them satisfactory.

Outlook Good—Premium men this year are uniformly optimistic, estimate that advertising merchandise sales will top $500,000,000, as against last year's $400,000,000. They advance several reasons: exhibit space for this year's premium exposition was sold out two months before the show opened; increasing numbers of business men profess themselves converted to premiums; the debated Patman-Robinson Act will encourage the use of premiums.



LITERARY DIGEST Photo

Mopping up . . . but only to show off an item in the Premium Buyers' Exposition

BLUM FRANC: Premier Achieves Main Monetary Objective Without Panic or Crisis

As the hands of the three mahogany Senate clocks in the stately Luxembourg Palace in Paris moved relentlessly toward the witching hour one night last week, a pince-nézed, scholarly politician whose abundant mustache drooped in fatigue, arose from the Government bench beneath the Tribune, shrugged his shoulders in eloquent French resignation.

In this way Leon Blum, France's Socialist Premier, accepted his "clipped" victory on franc devaluation, wrested from Parliament after three days' debate.

Four times the Senate had consented to reduce the franc's gold content. But on measures to counteract consequent rising living costs, the Senate adamantly refused to hand Blum unrestricted power, finally evolved a formula which strictly curbed him. Yet the big victory had been won. Forty million Frenchmen breathed more easily. Temporarily the crisis had been averted. No Cabinet toppled; no mobs rioted in the Place de la Concorde.

Blum packed an overnight bag, hurriedly boarded a plane for Geneva, there planned to speed the forces released when the franc was devalued; forces which he hoped would disentangle knotted international trade.

Puzzled Public—In America, puzzled newspaper readers who had wondered for a week why their newspaper editors, Republican and Democratic alike, had thrown their hats into the air over the French move, struggled with such abstractions as stabilization fund, equalization account, off gold, devaluation.

What had the Blum Popular Front Government done? First it had reduced the gold content of the franc roughly 29 per cent.—from 65½ milligrams to between 43 and 49 milligrams. In terms of American dollars and English pounds the franc now cost less; an old 6½ cent franc now was worth about five cents.

To the American business man who has to buy francs to pay bills in France, to the tourist headed for Paris, devaluation meant more francs per dollar. For his dollar, trader and tourist now could buy 20 to 22 francs; previously they had received only 15. For his pound the Englishman similarly could now buy as many as 108 francs against a previous 75.

Because free movement of gold in and out of France probably would be curtailed by decree, and redemption of notes into gold would be halted, France technically could be said to have abandoned the traditional gold standard, and to have adopted the modified gold standard of America's New Deal. Like *Uncle Sam*, too, the French Government would make a handsome profit by devaluing.

The nation's monetary gold stock of 47,000,000,000 francs ($3,116,100,000) would appreciate to between 58,750,000,000 and 62,980,000,000 new Blum francs. With this "profit" France would emulate *Uncle Sam* again, establish a stabilization fund with which to buy and sell francs in the international market so as to keep the franc on an even keel.

National Objective—What did the French hope to achieve by permitting America's dollar, England's pound and the currencies of other nations to buy more francs than heretofore? They hoped to restore France's drooping foreign trade. (For the first two-thirds of this year the French trade balance is unfavorable by 6,000,000,000 francs.) They hoped also to revive French industry, hasten the return of normalcy.

Theoretically, French economic troubles had their roots in the circumstance that because of the franc's relatively high gold content (relative to other currencies) it could buy more abroad than it could at home. Presuming that a franc could purchase 100 units of goods in Paris, it could obtain 120 to 125 units of the same goods in New York and London.

Foreign goods therefore flowed into France, discouraged domestic production. Similarly French producers found it difficult to compete abroad because foreign importers would necessarily buy from competitors whose currencies were cheaper, whose prices were therefore lower.

France's actual difficulties arose and were accelerated at avalanche speed because propertied families feared devaluation would destroy their fortunes, feared a social revolution or economic collapse, therefore sent their fortunes abroad to buy securities in New York or gold in London.

Flying Funds—This "flight of gold" drained France of 4,399,000,000 francs in the last month alone. From a peak of $5,502,900,000 gold holdings in 1933 France had lost $1,723,800,000 by the time Blum became Premier. Alarmist cries of the Rightist press sent nervous gold scurrying in ever-increasing volume abroad, played hob economically and politically.

To invest in American securities or to buy gold for storage in London, a Frenchman purchases dollars or pounds through his bank. Since few fortunes consist of cash, owners sell bonds, stocks, real estate or other equities to raise francs. Thus, stocks, bonds, real estate are dumped on the market, prices topple. Industry fears to produce in a falling market, shuts down.

A flight of gold also hurts the Government, since sales of bonds depress the market, hamper Government efforts to finance deficits by selling securities. Fleeing gold thus presents a nation with a first-rate economic crisis. It was this flight of gold, not economic theorizing, that forced the Blum Government to act.

How does devaluation right French industry, halt a panic? First, it usually is accompanied by decrees halting withdrawal of gold. Since devalued currencies permit foreigners to buy more francs for their dollars, pounds, *zlotys*, French goods (under normal conditions) become cheaper abroad. Exports rise. Tourists who can buy 20 francs per dollar as against a previous 15 are lured back to Paris, help revive the wine and other industries.

As goods flow out of the country, reviving industry, fostering reemployment, Frenchmen regain confidence in their country, repatriate the francs which they had converted into gold and securities abroad. As francs flow back to France they go into securities, into real estate, into business expansion. Prices, unless arbitrarily weighted down by government fiat, rise.

Why then did not France devalue the franc sooner? The answer lies in the opposition of two large sectors of the French population: the workers and the *rentiers* (investors). An increase in prices (which *rentiers* feared under devaluation) would wipe out or at least diminish incomes of those dependent on interest from investments. An increase in prices also reduces the purchasing power of wages and salaries. For that reason French Communists joined conservative investors in bitterly opposing devaluation. Depreciation in France, therefore, always has been a no-man's-land where politicians feared to tread.

Adept Premier — How then did Blum achieve devaluation without losing his political scalp? He achieved it by two means. First he took the political curse off devaluation by wooing and winning *Uncle Sam's* and *John Bull's* support for the move. Second he promises to recompense bondholders for losses they may suffer and in addition has placated French labor by insisting and winning partial power to keep prices of necessities down.

Seemingly the Baldwin Government and the New Deal went even further and assured France that they would utilize the stabilization funds (U. S., $2,000,000,000; England, $2,000,000,000) to bolster the franc in the international market should a crisis arise.

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(*Continued from page 3*)

Since difference of their ages remains constant at all periods: $M'' - A'' = M' - A'$ which becomes by substitution of above values: $\frac{A''}{3} - \frac{A''}{9} = \frac{A''}{2} - \frac{M}{2}$ from which $5A'' = 9M$ but $A'' = 9A''$ so $A'' = \frac{M}{5}$

Now $M + A = 44$ thus $M - A = 44 - 2A$

Also $M' = \frac{9A''}{2}$ and $M' - A' = M - A$

Which, by substitution, becomes $\frac{9A''}{2} - \frac{M}{2}$ $= 44 - 2A$. Since it was shown $A'' = \frac{M}{5}$ the above reduces to $M = 110 - 5A$. Likewise, we know that $M = 44 - A$ and by using this value for M, the above equation becomes $44 - A = 110 - 5A$, from which we get $A = 16\frac{3}{4}$, which is Ann's age.

THEODORE F. J. SCHAEFFER.
Philadelphia.

Song of the Cricket

Sir:—I much enjoyed the article on Japan's ancient cult, "Insect Song: Ears of Japanese Children Attuned to Harmonies of Crickets." It reminded me of the little-known "Cricket" (with its perfect second line), by Clinton Scollard:

Cricket, chirring in the autumn twilight,
Little kinsman,
I, like you, the unknown path must follow
Into darkness,—
One day into darkness.
Would I might, with your ecstatic buoyance,
Fare forth singing!

EDWARD W. EVANS, JR.
Oil City, Pennsylvania.

Atheism

Sir:—I quite agree with M. A. of Yuma, Arizona, that California newspapers give too much space to Hollywood film stars and too little space to the news. It is one of the reasons THE LITERARY DIGEST is required reading out here.

But why advertise atheism as you do in the issue of September 12? L. D.
Los Angeles, California.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC.

Required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912 and March 3, 1933, of "THE LITERARY DIGEST"

Published weekly at New York, N. Y.

State of New York } For October 1, 1936
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Wm. Neisel, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Secretary of the Funk & Wagnalls Company, Publishers of THE LITERARY DIGEST, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in Section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher, Funk & Wagnalls Co., 354 4th Ave., N. Y. City.
Editor, Wilfred J. Funk, 354 4th Ave., New York City.
Managing Editor, Morton Savell, 354 4th Ave., New York City.
Business Managers, The Board of Directors of Funk & Wagnalls Co., 354 4th Ave., New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given.)
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Neisel, Clara L., 354 4th Ave., New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

WILLIAM NEISEL, Secretary of FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Publisher and Owner.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this the 1st day of October, 1936.
(Seal) ROLLO CAMPBELL, Notary Public.
(My Commission expires March 30, 1938.)

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Between the Lines

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About the Mennonites' trek to Alabama: It seems that colonies of this religious sect in Kansas and other Mid-West States have been burned out by successive droughts, and that agents have been quietly buying up land in Alabama, with a view to... the complete story appears on page 35 of this week's Digest.

Going back to Kansas—Peggy Anne Landon is having her thrills. Being the daughter of a Presidential candidate has changed her from last year's carefree Sophomore to a spotlighted Junior at the University of Kansas. Nowadays, a handsome State Trooper escorts her up Mississippi Street from the Pi Beta Phi House, lurks among the potted palms while she dances in Union... but the details are on page 32.

Didn't know about the Mennonites and Peggy Anne? Well, did you know that... sinus sufferers owe a great deal to the Chinese... that a man is going to try to cross the Atlantic in a barrel... that a thirteenth century Florentine invented spectacles...

Did you know what the "old Far East army game" is... or how to keep warm at 30 degrees below zero, 35,000 feet up... or that a Negro preacher in North Carolina insists on celebrating Christmas in September... or that a Philadelphian had unearthed in New Mexico a mamantu believed to have been slain by Folsom men 8,000 years before Christ... or that five great companies give away more than $10,000,000 worth of premiums a year.....

Well, the answers are all in *this* week's issue.

Alert families everywhere eagerly await the weekly arrival of the country's most highly regarded News-Digest.

The Spice of Life

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

A Good Claim.—"I insured my voice," stated the famous singer, "for £50,000."

"And what," asked his rival, "have you done with the money?"—*Marc Aurelio (Rome).*

Received With Thanks.—MACTHISTLE: "Almost six dozen shoes were thrown at my wedding."

FRIEND: "Six dozen? I can't believe it!"

MACTHISTLE: "Well, there's the shoe cupboard. Open it and count them."—*Grit.*

Acid Tongue.—CHEMISTRY PROFESSOR: "Jones, what does HNO3 signify?"

CADET JONES: "Well, ah, er'r—I've got it right on the tip of my tongue, sir."

CHEMISTRY PROFESSOR: "Well, you'd better spit it out. It's nitric acid."—*Army & Navy Journal.*

Alibi.—Gus Kahn overheard this repartee between two rabid Californians during a heavy rain-storm in Los Angeles. Both watched the downpour with embarrassed expressions . . . Finally, after a deep silence, one said to the other: "Boy, some terrible weather certainly blows in from Nevada, doesn't it?"—*Walter Winchell in New York Daily Mirror.*

Irreplaceable.—The aged porter of the meteorological office was about to retire and was given a farewell party.

"Unfortunately," said the President, "we must part, but with your departure the institute loses its reputation for the most reliable weather forecasts in the world. Your sensitive corn is an absolutely irreparable loss to science."—*Berliner Illustrierte (Berlin).*

Sample.—No matter how many times a year Uncle Eli goes to the city, he just can't seem to get used to city ways, especially around restaurants. As a result, he often gets into embarrassing predicaments. Just the other day a waitress in a Washington café set his order before him. Picking up the small portion of steak, Eli examined it critically and said: "Yep, that's exactly what I want. Bring me some of it."—*Pathfinder.*

Remedy.—SCOTCHMAN: "Doctor, what can I do to prevent seasickness?"

DOCTOR: "Have you a dime?"

SCOTCHMAN: "Yes, Sir."

DOCTOR: "Well, hold it between your teeth."—*Bee-Hive.*

Ambition.—A young man applied for a job and was granted an interview. After the usual preliminaries the manager said: "Have you any ambition?"

"Ambition?" replied the young man. "I shall never rest until I see you out of that chair."—*Montreal Star.*

The Works.—The Sunday drivers had picked the farmer's fruit and his flowers, and their car was full of plunder. Pointing to an unexplored highway, they inquired of the farmer:

"Shall we take this road back to the city?"

"You might as well," replied the farmer, "you've got almost everything else!"—*The Car.*

Her Lookout.—"No," said the millionaire, gently, "I haven't the slightest objection to your asking my daughter to marry you."

"Thank you," exclaimed the young man with a title but no cash.

"You go and ask her," the millionaire proceeded, thoughtfully. "I won't interfere. I've given her a good education and taught her to read the newspapers, and if she doesn't know enough to say 'No'—why, she doesn't deserve any better luck."—*Argonaut.*

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Bleakley—New York nominee (Rep.) for Governor — correctly spoken *blake'ly.*

Graziani—Viceroy of Ethiopia (page 17)—in Italian: *grah-tsee-ah'nee.*

Lehman—New York nominee (Dem.) for Governor—he prefers *lee'man.*

Lilje—Secretary, Lutheran Convention (page 37) — in German: *leel'yeh.*

Marahrens—President, Lutheran Convention (page 37)—stress *rah: mah-rah'rens.*

OGPU—Russian Secret Police (page 15)—not *og'poo,* but *oh gay pay oo.*

Yagoda—ex-chief of OGPU (page 15)—stress *go: yah-go'dah.*

Yezhoff—new head of OGPU (page 15)—in Russian, *zh* as *z* in *azure,* and *off* (or *ov*) as English *of: yezh'of.*

Slips That Pass in Type

The choir will offer an anthem during the worship period. Mr. and Mrs. J——— K——— will sing a duet "Bless the Lord" during the lifting of the offering.—*Aurora (Ill.) paper.*

Well, the Lord helps those who help themselves.

Dieting is important—oatmeal porridge with treacle, wholemeal bread, brown bread, oily salads, green vegetables, fruit, and boiled Spanish opinions all assist.—*Ontario (Canada) paper.*

What do you mean—assist?

Fire Captain R——— N——— was hurt today when he fell ten feet through a skylight atop a private garage.

A strike of journeymen barbers was afire.—*New York paper.*

When it rains, it pours, hey Cap?

Miss Barbara B——— attributes her beauty to the fact that she once decided to "be sensible" in her daily habits.

"Be sensible and don't ever indulge in your daily habits," she advised to-day.—*Boston paper.*

Now there's *real* advice!

A crowd of police estimated at 15,000 milled and pushed outside the theater. Five persons were hurt and two others fainted. Extra police dashed from headquarters when Miss M——'s car became jammed in the crowd.—*Cumberland (Md.) paper.*

Go on back, fellows. Things are bad enough now.

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